

FILE DESCRIPTION

PHILADELPHIA FILE

SUBJECT Harry Gold

FILE NO. 65-4307

VOLUME NO. 1B-18

SERIALS 1

to

14

NOTICE

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File No: 65-4037Re: HARRY GOLDDate: 04-78

(month/year)

| Serial | Date | Description (Type of communication, to, from) | No. of Pages | | Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited) |
|--------|----------|--------------------------------------------------|--------------|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | | | Actual | Released | |
| 1 | 10-20-50 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 10-20-50 | Interview of Harry Gold (notes) | 12 | 12 | |
| 2 | 10-24-50 | Cover sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 10-24-50 | Interview of Harry Gold (notes) | 3 | 3 | |
| 3 | 5-24-50 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | — | Photos of Harry Gold | 3 | 3 | |
| 4 | 5-25-50 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | — | Photos of Harry Gold | 1 | 1 | |
| 5 | 8-7-50 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 8-7-50 | Interview of Harry Gold (notes) | 9 | 9 | |
| 6 | — | Bulky Exhibit - Documents | 1 | 1 | |
| | 12-9-50 | Court document | 14 | 14 | |

File No: 65-4037Re: Harry GoldDate: 4-78
(month/year)

| Serial | Date | Description (Type of communication, to, from) | No. of Pages | | Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited) |
|--------|----------|--------------------------------------------------|--------------|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| | | | Actual | Released | |
| 7 | 5-11-51 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | — | Notes of Harry Gold | 173 | 173 | |
| 8 | 7-13-51 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | — | Handwritten notes by Harry Gold | 312 | 312 | |
| 9 | 6-9-52 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 5-15-52 | 1st Statement of Harry Gold | 17 | 17 | |
| 10 | 4-28-54 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 10-21-53 | Letter for J. Handwritten to Tait | 2 | 2 | |
| 11 | 5-12-54 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 5-12-54 | Certification by J. Gold | 1 | 1 | |
| 12 | 5-12-54 | Cover Sheet | 1 | 1 | |
| | 5-12-54 | Statement of J. Gold | 1 | 1 | |

Inventory Worksheet
FD-503 (2-18-77)

VOLUME LB-18

PHILADELPHIA FILES

INVENTORIED BY lrb

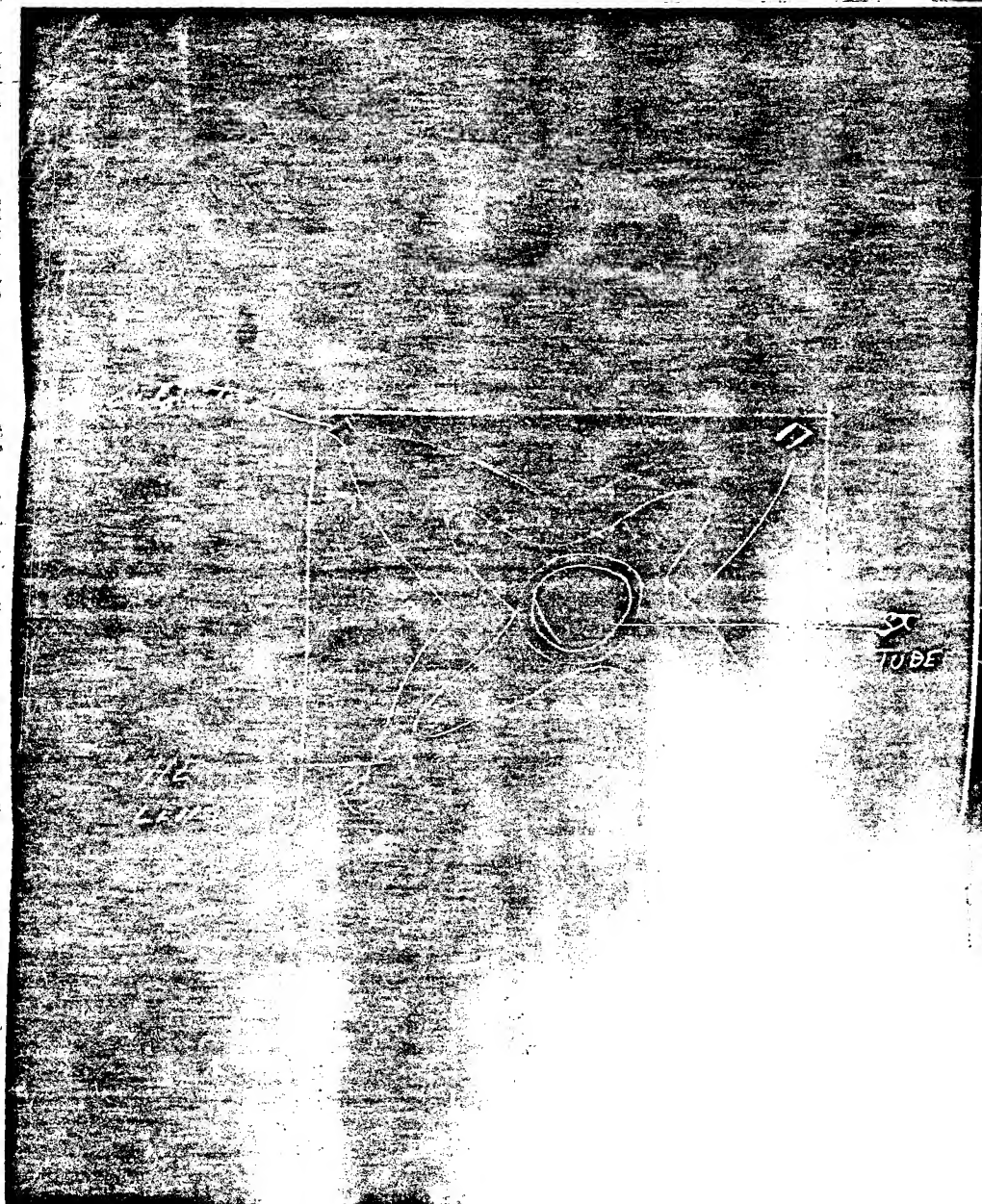
REVIEWED BY *h.c.*

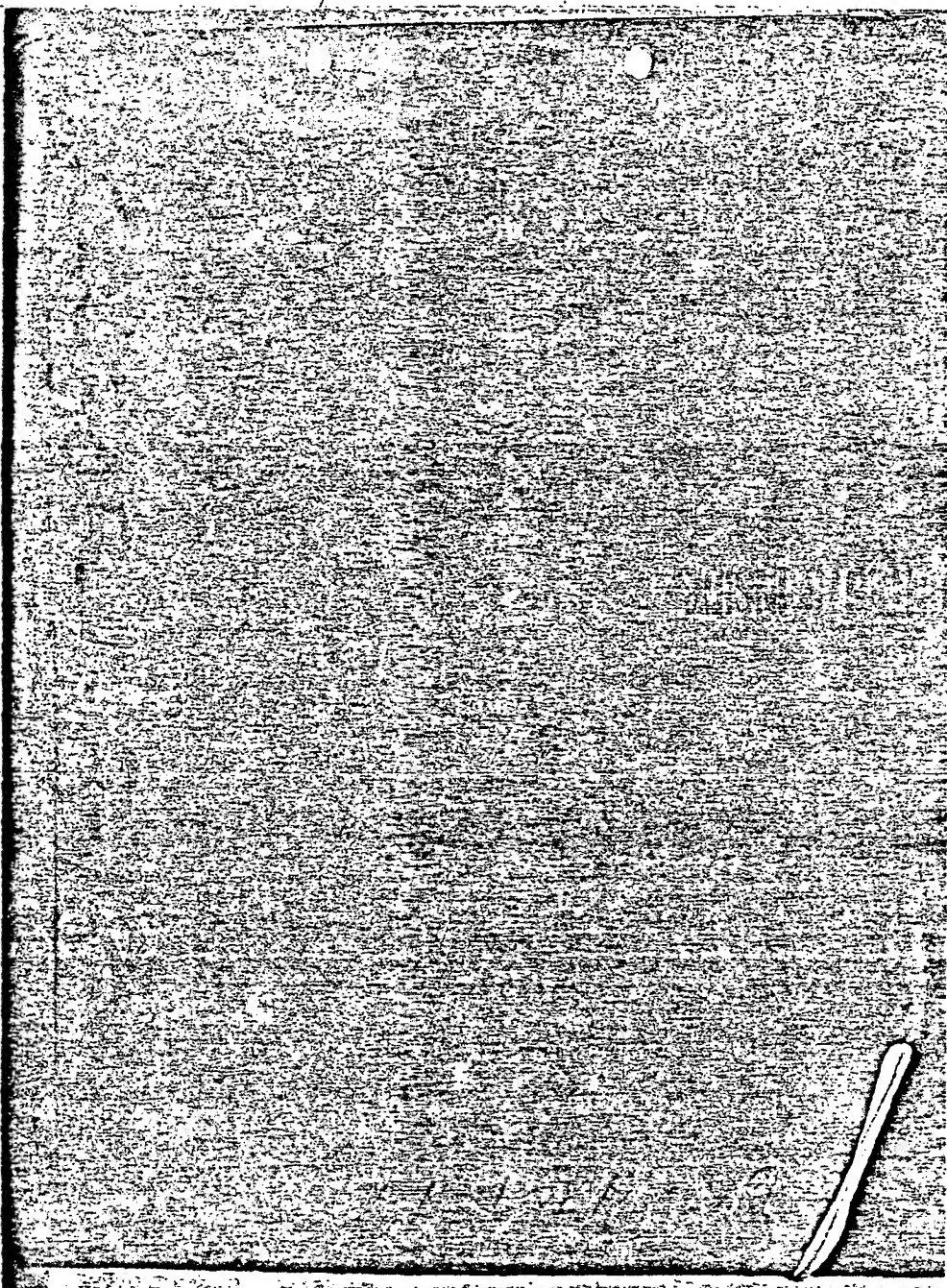
File No: 65-4037

Re: HARRY GOLD

Date: 4-18
(month/year)

[illegible]





Date Received 10/20/50

From Harry Kelly
(Name of Contributor)

Wolmuthsburg City Prison
(Address of Contributor)

By Robert S Jensen
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No (X)

Description:

Interview notes of Agent 10/20/50

File No. 65-4317-1B-18(1)

10-20-50

Interview of Harry Gold

It was a car of similar make and body style but there are no specific identifying features whereby Gold could differentiate between this 1940 Pont Sedan & any other 1940 Pont Sedan of

Gold says he has changed the writing of his h's and S's since he prepared this card. - Also some change in the y as he used to write - He always ^{leaves the y} Also the 2 changes -

Gold says he makes left handed 8's & 9's - told him if he were ever caught the method of writing 8's would help in identifying him.

Harry's brother came to see him during interview - 12:45 P.M. to 1:00 P.M.

Harry back 1:00 P.M. - enter again

10-20-50

Gave 110 page story of his espionage
history to his atty Mr John M Hamilton
on 10/19/50

10-20-50

Meetings -

Letter -

Opening sentence signifies the fact that the person writing was an American who had last touch with a Soviet Agent and was now again in contact -

Soviets left no way for American to get in touch with them, but there was a way for them to get in contact with the American.

This indicates at times contact was broken writer was working as a courier trying to get info from other Americans where he worked. He had eventually located someone who was willing to furnish information.

The Soviets had tried to reach the writer for some period before they were actually successful. The moving part -

Bold believes the last sentence about as soon as "settle down" signifies writer is in

10/20/50

an area or place where security precautions are rigid & not to try and get in touch with him there.

He actually may have been moving around & a previous letter was misdirected.

"I got your letter" - signifies that there was some prearranged method of meeting - maybe a letter, theatre tickets or ad placed in paper personal columns.

✓ The form of address - "Friend" signifies espionage -

Black & Gold referred to Soviet Agents as "the Brothers" and sometimes "the Friends"

Paul Smith - said never use name Black in talking together but refer to him as "my brother"

Gold said letter he rec'd in July of 1949 opened with phrase similar to "Am in the city now again and will be glad to hear from you" which to Harry signifies a meeting

10/20/50

to take place - arrangements had been made -

"As you know," refers definitely to work previously done -

When H wrote letter re Smily - he said "in regard to car I was trying to sell" that phrase tallies with above.

Will give him good stuff if writer does not already have -

Note that thru out letter if person were actually writing about a illness to a friend he would use friend's name, and he would use name of illness, letter impersonal, no names mentioned even doctor is anonymous.

Paul Smith + Rufe O. Harry in talking used code words -

re material H was getting at Penn Gyan he always spoke of lessons -

Sam + Ed spoke of candy -

Yak + " spoke of Atomic Energy as "factory"

Fred + Ed used sell car = persuade Smily.

10/20/50

- travelling - may mean writer has been moved from location to another

wife He used "lessons" as he was going to Vets school
 Jan " factory as he " working in Industrial plant
 son " " Candy as he was found just

This may refer to fact, guy has a chronic ailment & as a very good cover & is using it as a cover —

mid to late 40s let it slip -
 Semerario had another person in Phila -
 somewhat on line of Kalk - let it slip
 once - this contact was a CP - a technical
 man -

Tom Jackson - ~~name~~ a Baltimore employee - a truck engineer -
He wrote a rept on him - I gave it to
Riiza -

Sem felt good as cont. reestablished with Slack
in

Something came up re Phil - Sam implied
he had been there earlier in evening.
Young fellow ^{about 5 yrs younger than he} had conf with Sam in Phil
in sep has not more the year.

10/20/50 —

1. H had no way to effect a contact
one letter re Emily
A phone # for Fuchs —

Dear Dave (or Dear Friend
(name given in letter by H or Sonnet))

To once again continue our discussion
on English Literature, I've been rereading
the Poetry of A. E. HOUSMAN, and have
found as you once stated that there
is a great deal to be obtained from
it. (One more have job in industry and can assist)

The particular volume to which I refer
is one which had hitherto not been
available to me. I would very much
appreciate an answer so that we may
again have our old time discussions
and incidentally a few drinks of Canadian
Club and Ginger-ale.

Cordially yours
Cohen

The drink Canadian Club & Ginger-ale characteristic
of Gold — They would know that

10/20/50 -

2. Personal contact impossible -

If under surveillance -

If H did not keep just 2 steps - usually in some place a cut apt, I would go to emergency place - under surveill - In N.Y. call a cousin, R. Richard Umin, & tell them I was in N.Y. at Park Lib. (would go there, order photostats of material not available at Franklin Inst.) Would say to them, haven't seen you for some time - will call - have had dinner. Then would go directly to rendezvous, no evasive action, without a newspaper or anything - all else checked - would walk right past contact & not return - But if you did return there would be no tail.

Act normally no evasive action while being following - instructions from all Soviet superiors

Dear Dave,

The method for the determination of magnesium in blood serum on which you know I have been working has developed some serious flaws. What I once conceived to be a sure and rapid method of colorimetric analysis has disclosed the fact that certain other ions normally

10/20/50

present in blood serum will seriously interfere with this technique; ^{the one in} ~~particular~~ ^{as a} ~~which causes the most trouble in the physiological~~ fellow Bio-chemist, I would like you to give thought to this matter but I realize a ready solution can not be expected. In particular, I am writing because I know that you had contemplated using the method in your own laboratory & I would strongly advise against it at the present.

If however, you could come up with some suggestions or if I succeed in overcoming the basic errors myself, then of course, we can proceed freely -

Cordially yours
Cohen -

3- Dear Tom (if writing to Blair)

2 innocuous # -

Concinnate a very beautiful section particularly the Heartwell section when I live. Now studying Physics under Fath Stebbins at Xaver & am getting tremendous insight into our Universe.

"By the way, I recently ran into one of my old friends from Jersey City, a brother of a fellow you knew some 3 or 4 yrs ago, and he asked to be remembered to you.

We had dinner & a few drinks
at a restaurant downtown ^{and though I}
demurred against his insistent on buying me a mathematical
calculator I have just happened to mention I needed at ^{Spencer}
out at WPCB with the process
for obtaining Vitamin D concentrates for
Halibut liver oil. I would very
much like to hear from you soon.
Harry -

Typical to bring gifts at initial
contacts with Soviets or recontacts being
reestablished.

4- Would never had done this -
But if he had done this in wk of
May 15 - 22 would be -

Dear John (use name of last cont)

Since I last saw ^{you} a terrible situation
has arisen; you had some inkling of
this at our last meeting. This is what
has occurred. The home which our family
purchased back in 1944 has been shown
not to have a clear title and a real
estate organization has filed a claim to
take it away from us. Do you realize
such an occurrence would be intolerable

as it would completely sweep
out everything we had tried
to build up over a period of years.

I am writing because possibly
in this urgent situation you may be
of aid. Two courses are open. one,
I desperately need a good sum of
money running into the thousands; and
two, certainly you can get in touch
with a good atty, one capable of handling
this situation and make arrangements for
a meeting of this lawyer & me.

I wish to emphasize this is a most
deadly situation & the most urgent action
is needed.

Your old friend -
Cohen -

best impression - to act normal if questioned
and they would in some way get in touch
with them

5) Person to Person

passed in newspapers - switch newspapers -
No knowledge re any other methods.

1. Illness —

may mean efforts to obtain info
or difficulty in getting same — possible

specific illness — may refer to specific
projects — Bio Chem warfare, war gases —
might be going working prearranged terms —
on one project — & probably handled by same Soviet —

2. Doctor might mean his superior
or possibly a contact — who furnishes

3. Hospital — equivalent to a govt installation or
an industrial

4. Witter is courier & Hunt, Wink etc is
source of info —

Date Received 10/24/58

From Harry Gold
(Name of Contributor)

Holmesburg Co. Prison
(Address of Contributor)

By Robert B. Jensen
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No (X)

Description: Interview notes of Agent 10/24/58

File No. 65-4347-1-B-18(2)

65-447-1B-18(2)

Interview of Harry Gled - 10-24-50

Floodorf -

May have seen him at mtps of Phila Br
American Physiological Society at U of P Med Sch
Either a Bio Chemist or Bacteriologist -
from Sept 48 to May of 50.

Some recollection Black said something about a
contact at either U of P or med school - no name,
no knowledge

10-24-50 -

Larychif - still wrestling over problem
- put a bet on him - possibly close lids a
bit -

Ivanov - not him for sure -

Calls - Fred - one from Chin,
one from NY
Lutterdrop for Smiley -

Sera - once or 2

Yak - one from Oxford Circle - in Jan 45

Carson - name may be involved with #
Funks to call -

Precautions -

Paul - double check on surveillance -
arrive early & walk down ^{front} side street, check
if being

Ruga - same thing -

Arrived early arrival -

Don't admit on subway trains -

Mobile & dept stores

90 D ↑ & box tail

10-24-50

→ red - stressed early arrived - ^{but he was} after Pete -
Would make meet & then go away for 15-20 min
& return -

Sam - if under surveillance - keep on
going - not meet - but return to spot
in 20 minutes if free of surveillance
In middle of dinner if "Sam" under
surveill - Sam would get up - stop
Harry on back & say "You pay the bill, I left
my money home" - Sam would then leave
Harry

They always reach for check if not, something
was wrong - P. Smith & Puza

Sam - March 41 was frightened off -

Fear up material in small bits & drops - a little
a time - in each block -

On early 42 - Sam had been to Kansas to get in
touch with people out there - name unknown to
Sam. - He went into a drugstore - one only
serving community - Sam described the man
& wife to druggist - who said he knew where
Sam meant they lived 6 or 8 miles out of town. Sam
then met that people - he bragged of incident
& his ability. - Trip been made by Sam

Yakov - always arrive early, check &
never wait more than 5 minutes

Oct man - arrive early -
tail conscious -

10-24-50 -

Don't instruct from all - do not read O'W
or CP material in file -

No talk about social Equality, discrimination etc.

Rugs, Inc, Sern - must carry any excess

Find any objective for info - He called factory
the Mary Yd -

Rugs didn't show for 3 months ^{over} Oct 37 till Jan 58

All get new photo & new biographical -

Date Received 5-24-58

From Bureau
(Name of Contributor)

(Address of Contributor)

By _____
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No (X)

Description:

10 photos of Harry Gold

File No. 65-4307-1B-4
65-4307-1B-18 (3)

Index 79





Date Rec'd

5/25/70

From

NYC
(Name of Contributor)

(Address of Contributor)

By

(Name of Special Agent)

To the Bureau

Description

Set photos of Henry Hall

File No.

65-4286-108-5
65-4286-09-1B-16(4)

Re Ser 81

6-11-63



6-11-63



Date Received 6-2-52

From *Army Base*

(Name of Contributor)

(Name of Contributor)

(Name of Contributor)

To Be Returned Yes ()
No (X)

Description: *Notes of interview of 8/1/52*

File # *65-4302-1B-18(5)*

Rhine

INTERVIEW OF HARRY GOLD - 8-7-50 -

10/23/49 → 3 -

3 weeks before 2 meeting in + west hills,
Late September at home

3rd meeting in Bronx Park zoo -

for a couple of stops beyond

174 st walk to

177 St

cross in front of cafeteria - someone
in window of cafeteria

Then go to end of line on Bronx Pk
line.

180th St -

Saloon - ladies entrance -

Rk St -

Barton Rd - in area of 174 of 177

Same guy -

3rd meeting -

arrangements for bi-monthly meeting
made here -

8/7/50 Interview of Harry Gold by SA Robert Jensen

February -

Brother has pl loan at
Corn Exchange -

1. Loan in late Nov 1949 -
" pd late

\$23.00 a month - couldn't meet them -
Daugherty would assist.

2. Brother gave him \$35 to pay dues in Dec -
American Chem. Society -
Used money to pay 1949 Dues -

3. Daugherty was asked to help get a
personal loan for Harry Gold in
April 1950 to catch up with Corn Exchange
& American Chem. Society Dues for 1950.

4. Harry bought an electrical razor at
Barre for his brother - was dunned
for it -

5. Technician Dorothy Bell -
Harry constantly in Hook to her for
\$5 to \$10 bucks prior to her arrest.

Statements re activities are correct
as he can make -

Would ask for death sentence if
proof of subversive contact since Feb 1950.

Smily -

8-7-50-

5 visits - up to June of 1940

Jan of 1939 - 2nd - attempt
went home -

April - 3rd

late summer 1939 -

Fall of 1939 -

Spring of 1940 - 7th -

May of 1940 -

Was home in Summer of 1940 -

Sam called -

Two trips to see Smily -

Jan 1941 } to see Smily - Same direction
Feb 1941 }

Feb (Jan) stayed at Gibson Hotel -
Cincinnati Club -

Met Richard Schmitt (or dt) an
M.D. was a Med Student - U of Cincinnati (?)
Had been an undergrad student at Kansas
with Harry - had drinks with
Harry in Gibson Hotel -
probably 2nd trip -

Civilian Employ

John -

last met Dec 26, 1956 -

Paul -

Black & Gold stayed at
Chelsea or Cartier Hotel in NYC
84 Ave & 23rd St.

Frame to be fitted into a suitcase for
holding ultra-violet lamp -
let out aluminum strips -

Black's contact work -

July of 1936 or 1937 -

Spanish Civil War, was work -

No knowledge of Transmission

Sept 19, 1945 -

No missions since that time -

- Paricheff -

Nov. Helene Elitcher -

Isbell

Paul

Savant

Ban

Linn Savant

May Elitcher -

8/7/50 -

The real reason - for calling up -

Rec'd partial expense money from beginning
amtd to 50% to 60% of total expense

1936 - \$30

Paul -

1937 - \$25 to \$30

Ruga Raba car -

having been stopped by a

1938 - until Sept of '38

Cop in N.Y. or N.J. -

\$50 from Fred -

he drove down on
occasion

Sept 1938 -

Was told it O.K. to go to school in
Cincinnati -

They wanted him to go to Univ of Cine -

Told story at time of a job at Pharmaceutical
House -

\$300 to \$400

Rec'd sums of

\$3500 checks to mother -

President Incest

Acct created partially from funds from
Fred -

Fred said in November ¹⁹³⁸ in Cincinnati
that no more money would be given
to Harry - He said - "you will not
only give the appearance of being poor
but you actually will be poor" -

Black knows -

April & May 1939 again rec'd
money \$100 to \$200 from Fred in Cane -
No contact between friend of Mrs. 308 & 39.

Never worked at Morris Dairy - was
a lie -

Mr. Semenov -
insisted on payments - about 50% or
60%

"Cohen" - was name he used for
signing receipts

Used name of Reuben Cohen when with Black
at Chelmsford -

Always asked for receipts -

at meeting where Sam gave "Red Star"

Had Sam told on at least 4 or 5 occasions
receipt had been mislaid & would
Harry give another.

750 - 1000 from John -

40 - 42 \$50 \$750 \$1500

40 - May 41 1500

"Sam"

Got receipt from
Black - name Al, Ed & J.
on two Pikes - & took 20-25

dollars from envelope - told Black to make receipt for
full amt & would pay Black later -

Joe Katz ↔ never in Buffalo —
No Buffalo meeting.
— Receipt ↔

Meeting with rank —

BTO coach —

Late April or early May 1940
Frank Ruda was loaned money —

Fred — called him & said come to NY —
registering in the name at Hotel New Yorker

Met in lobby — he knew H. D.

He wanted to know about Smiley —
no stop —

Plans for future — gave him 100-150 for
completion of schooling —
was disappointed in this not staying
in line —

Early Spring of 1940 wrote to Dougherty
had him look up all people who
owed him money to make collection

ABE SKLAR — sent him \$50 or \$60 in
repayment of loan — He wrote him

Whole story —

Return 9/1/68

HARRY GOLD
ESPIONAGE R
65-4307

THIS MATERIAL IS LOCATED IN THE BULKY EXHIBIT ROOM

Interview notes of Agent 10-20-50
Interview notes of Agent 10-24-50

3. 1/2 photo of Harry Gold (see serial 65-4286)
4. 1/2 photo of Harry Gold (see serial 65-4286)
5. Note of interview of 8/7/68
6. Transcript of Gold's proceedings on Dec 3, 1950
7. Copy of note of Harry Gold entitled "The circumstances surrounding my work as a Gold agent - a report" (see serial 1013)
8. Handwritten report of Harry Gold on plane, etc.
9. Copy of letter to Gold dated 1/1/68 of report of Gold to Gold
10. Receipt for material received pertaining to Harry Gold
11. Certification that nothing was taken from safe deposit box
12. Consent to search safe deposit box of Joseph Gold
13. Letter re opening safe deposit box of Joseph Gold
14. Letter re opening safe deposit box of Joseph Gold

Return 11/3/68
Return 7/1/69

65-4307-1B-18

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| SEARCHED | INDEXED |
| SERIALIZED | FILED |
| OCT 28 1950 | |
| FBI - PHILADELPHIA | |

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Criminal No. 15769

-vs-

HARRY GOLD; JOHN DOE alias
"JOHN"; RICHARD ROE, alias
"SAM"

Philadelphia, Pa., December 9, 1950.

John H. Nicholls
OFFICIAL COURT REPORTER
UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.

65-4907-18-18(6

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Criminal

vs.

HARRY GOLD; JOHN DOE alias
"JOHN"; RICHARD ROE, alias
"SAM"

No. 15769

Philadelphia, Pa., December 9, 1950.

Before HON. JAMES P. McGRANERY, J.

PRESENT: GERALD A. GLEESON, ESQ.,
United States Attorney.

JOHN D. E. HAMILTON, ESQ.,
and AUGUSTUS S. BALLARD, ESQ.,
representing Harry Gold.

SENTENCE

MR. GLEESON: May I address the Court for just one moment, sir, before Your Honor proceeds.

Unintentionally a misunderstanding was created with respect to pending proceedings in the Southern District of New York by Mr. Saypol's letter of December 1 that I presented to Your Honor last Thursday. A second letter has been written correcting that misunderstanding and I have shown a copy of it to Mr. Hamilton.

I present a copy of it to Your Honor and I ask, sir, to be permitted to have Mr. Saypol's letter of December 7, the letter to which I am now referring, become part of the record.

THE COURT: Mr. Hamilton has it?

MR. GLEESON: Yes, sir.

MR. HAMILTON: And there is no objection, if

Your Honor please.

MR. GLEESON: I have concluded, sir.

(The letter referred to is as follows:)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY
Southern District of New York,
United States Court House
Foley Square
New York 7, N. Y. elf

December 7, 1950

Honorable Gerald A. Gleeson
United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania
4th Floor, U. S. Courthouse
9th and Market Streets
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Re: United States v. Harry Gold

United States v. Julius Rosenberg, et al.

Dear Mr. Gleeson:

I wrote to you on December 1, stating in part in the second paragraph of my letter that Gold " * * * is a co-defendant on charges of conspiracy to commit espionage along with Julius Rosenberg, David Greenglass and others. He has not entered a plea to that indictment."

I regret an obvious error in describing Gold's status in the pending prosecution in this district. He is actually named as a co-conspirator. Two copies of the indictment are enclosed.

This indictment supersedes a previous one which named the Rosenbergs only, obtained on newly acquired evidence presented to another grand jury. At that time it was contemplated that Gold should be named as a

defendant. The final decision to name him as a co-conspirator was predicated on the fact that since maximum punishment could be imposed in the case in your jurisdiction, it would be of no advantage and might be tactically disadvantageous to the case pending in my district to name him as a defendant.

I hope that no embarrassment has been caused you. Judge McGranery, to whom I spoke after talking to you on the telephone today, expressed himself as completely understanding in the circumstances and said that he had no fault to find.

Very truly yours,

/s/ IRVING H. SAYPOL

Irving H. Saypol

United States Attorney

Enclosures

Sta THE COURT: Mr. Gold, do you care to make a statement?

MR. GOLD: If Your Honor please --

THE COURT: You may move to the bar of the Court, if you will.

MR. GOLD: I shall be very brief.

There are just four points, and, with one exception, all of them have been very adequately set forth in this court on the 7th of December. I am making note of them now, because they represent matters which have been uppermost in my mind for the past few months.

First, nothing has served to bring me to a realization of the terrible mistake that I have made as this one fact, the appointment by this Court of Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Billard as my counsel. These men have worked incredibly hard and faithfully in my behalf, and in the face of severe personal criticism and even invective, and they have done this, not for the reason that they condoned my crime, but because they believe that as a basic part of our law I was entitled to the best legal representation available.

Second, I am fully aware that I have received the most scrupulously fair trial and treatment that could be desired, and this has been not only in this Court, but has been the case with the F.B.I., with the other agencies of the Justice Department, and with the authorities at the various prisons where I have been lodged, both here and in New York. Most certainly this could never have happened in the Soviet Union or in any of the countries dominated by it.

Third, the most tormenting of all thoughts concerns the fact that those who meant so much to me have been the worst besmirched by my deeds. I refer here to this country, to my family and friends, to my former classmates at Xavier University, and to the Jesuits there, and to the people at the Heart Station of the Philadelphia General Hospital. There is a puny inadequacy about any words telling how deep and horrible is my remorse.

Fourth, and very last, I have tried to make the greatest possible amends by disclosing every phase of my espionage activities, by identifying all of the persons involved, and by revealing every last scrap, shred, and particle of evidence.

Your Honor, I have finished.

THE COURT: Mr. Gold, the Court has carefully considered the cogent and analytical statement presented by your able and distinguished counsel, Mr. Hamilton, whom this Court appointed to represent you. Mr. Hamilton's presentation of your life and character and of the circumstances surrounding the crimes charged in the indictment provided the Court with the fullest possible relevant information and expressed counsel's conscientious devotion to his duty as a member of the bar and as an officer of the court.

The Court has also considered with care the

recommendation made by the Attorney General that you be sentenced to prison for a term of twenty-five years. You have pleaded guilty to two counts in the indictment. Since the Congress had authorized the imposition of sentence of the extreme penalty of death for the crime charged in each count of the indictment, the Court had requested the Attorney General to submit a recommendation as to the sentence to be imposed.

It must now be said that, when a defendant has been charged with a certain crime or crimes and has entered a plea of guilty to the charge or charges, the Court, in arriving at the proper sentence, has a duty to deliberate upon certain factors, namely; the protection of society against wrongdoers; the discipline of the wrongdoer; the reformation and rehabilitation of the wrongdoer; and the deterrence of others from the commission of like offenses. The Court, in the exercise of its discretion, should give careful, humane and comprehensive consideration to the situation of each offender and to the circumstances contemporary to the offense. In studying the case, the Court should determine whether the crime involved danger to property, danger to human life, danger to the national security. The Court should further consider whether the crime was one of sudden passion or a studied and deliberate act or series of acts.

In discharging the duty of pronouncing sentence upon you, this Court has endeavored logically and thoughtfully to apply to the facts presented these principles and standards which have in our law withstood the test of time. The Court, if it is to be a Court of Justice, must never be arbitrary, capricious, or subject to whims of popular passion.

You have pleaded guilty to charges of crimes affecting the national security of the United States and to the advantage of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The gravity of these offenses is indicated by the Congressional authorization to impose sentence of the death penalty for each crime charged.

While these offenses are properly viewed in the setting of the period of their commission, at which time the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was an ally of the United States, nevertheless, you transmitted and delivered documents and information vital to our national defense and affecting the national security of the United States to agents of a foreign government, and you entered into unlawful conspiracy with agents of the foreign government with full, complete and calculated knowledge of the secret character of this information relating to atomic energy and nuclear

fission and of its importance to the national defense of the United States and with knowledge that in so acting you were in violation of the laws of the United States.

The Court has properly considered that with advice of counsel you have entered pleas of guilty to the crimes charged in the two counts of the indictment; and the Court has further considered, as it has a like duty to consider, the fact that you, in addition to confessing your guilt, have attempted to atone for your crimes against the United States by actively cooperating with the Government to cause the apprehension of and the conviction of co-conspirators who participated with you in your wrongdoing.

The Court, nevertheless, must reflect upon the need to deter others in the future from the commission of similar offenses to the injury of the United States and to the advantage of a foreign Government. The Court stresses that the deterrence of others from such offenses is an obligation whose weight cannot be minimized in this case. Since the responsibility of a judge in imposing sentence remains the conscientious exercise of his discretion, the Court has concluded that it will not follow the recommendation of the Attorney General, but, after long and deliberate application of the principles to the facts, the Court has

determined the sentence and judgment in this case as follows:

On Count No. 1 in the bill of indictment 42458, United States District Court for the Eastern District of New York, and to which you have properly agreed that you be tried in this court, it is the sentence and judgment of the Court, upon the plea of guilty to Count 1 of the indictment, that you, Harry Gold, be confined in a federal penitentiary for a term of thirty years, which is the maximum prison term under the law.

That on Count No. 2, it is the sentence and judgment of the Court, upon the plea of Guilty to Count 2 of the indictment, that you, Harry Gold, shall be confined in a federal penitentiary for a term of thirty years. The service of this sentence shall run concurrently with the sentence imposed on Count 1.

This Court can not close the pages of this case without expressing its deepest and most profound thanks to Mr. Hamilton and to his associate, Mr. Augustus Ballard. As I have said, the conscientious effort devoted to the task that this Court imposed upon both you gentlemen make this very onerous responsibility of the court lighter in its weight by your devotion to that task. I am sure both you gentlemen will find satisfaction in the memory of a heavy responsibility

discharged with the greatest of fidelity, and my mere thanks is no reward.

MR. HAMILTON: May I ask Your Honor's indulgence to the extent of a five or ten minute recess before making any comment for the record, as I should like to talk to my client and to my associate.

THE COURT: Surely.

This Court will be in recess for five minutes.

MR. GLEESON: May it please the Court, may Mr. Hamilton and I see you for a moment at side bar?

THE COURT: Yes.

(The following transpired at side bar:

MR. GLEESON: I respectfully suggest to the Court that the indictment on which sentence is being pronounced is in reality a one-count indictment, and I move that Your Honor pass sentence on the indictment as a whole.

THE COURT: The Court has already stated in language that the Court knows no other way of clearing up that it was the sentence and judgment of this Court upon the plea of guilty entered by the defendant to the indictment, set forth in Count No. 1, that the defendant, Harry Gold, be confined in a federal penitentiary for a

term of thirty years, the maximum prison term under the law.

I will not change that.

MR. HAMILTON: If Your Honor please, I had hoped that this would be the end of this whole matter this morning, but, in addition to what Mr. Gleeson says, I, as a matter of record only, at this time at least, want to call Your Honor's attention to the fact that at the time of the arraignment the clerk, in reading the indictment, asked for a plea upon the first count, which was given, and upon the second count, which was given, and before I could object Mr. Gleeson made the statement to the Court that this was a single crime and asked for a plea to the indictment as a whole, which was given. There are any number of authorities on that.

THE COURT: Excuse me.

Would you want the Court to clarify this by saying that as to the thirty-year prison term imposed, which is the maximum under the law, it is the judgment of the Court that he serve thirty years in prison under the indictment as a whole?

MR. HAMILTON: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: I will do that.

MR. GLEESON: Yes, that will clear it up.)

THE COURT: Mr. Gold, will you come forward to the bar of the Court.

(Mr. Gold stands at the bar of the Court.)

THE COURT: So that there will be no misunderstanding as to the judgement of the Court in its pronouncement of its sentence upon you, the maximum prison term under the law for the crime that you have committed is thirty years, it is the sentence and judgment of this Court that you serve thirty years, and that that maximum prison term be imposed, and that is as to both counts set forth in the indictment, to which you have pleaded guilty, and to the full and complete indictment. In other words, there is one sentence imposed, that of thirty years.

Is that clear, gentlemen?

MR. HAMILTON: It is to me, Your Honor.

MR. GLEESON: Your Honor, that is satisfactory.

THE COURT: Will there be any other question now before the Court, for the record?

MR. HAMILTON: I have none, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Are there any other statements.

MR. GLEESON: I have none, sir.

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65-4367-1-B-18(7)

**THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING MY WORK AS A
SOVIET AGENT - A REPORT**

This report is an amplification of and I believe, a very essential one, on the first report, the one submitted on July 20, 1950. There is discussed here a particular phase of the prior report, that is, the matter of how I became a Soviet agent, with special emphasis on these points:

(1) Early background material, that is, events that led to my being in a receptive mood to the proposals of TOM BLACK and PAUL SMITH that I work for the Soviet Union. The years are 1920 to 1933.

(2) The circumstances and motives that impelled me to work with PAUL SMITH and other agents. The year is 1935.

(3) My attitude on Missions.

(4) My early doubts, that is, the ones that arose during the period I was working for the Soviet Union. The years are 1935 to 1945.

(5) My later doubts in the period after cessation of Activities for the Soviet Union. The years are 1946 to 1950.

(6) My relationship with various Soviet agents including SEMEN M. SEMENOV, THOMAS L. BLACK and KLAUS FUCHS.

(7) Finally, my attitude during three periods:

(a) Just prior to my arrest

(b) During the time of voluntary custody

(c) After the appointment of attorneys

I deem all of the above material to be extremely vital and not just a rehash of what has been heard before and most emphatically I wish to hammer on the fact that none of this material is contrived, artificial and manufactured and is, above all, a sincere testament of my beliefs. It is being written as if to clear away all of the morass which has existed in my own mind. I am writing this frankly and openly as a conversation to friends, that is, my ideas.

There will be a certain unavoidable amount of overlapping in this narrative with that of the first report. But, this will partially be deliberate because it is desired to make the events related here as an intergrowth and coherent unit.

To repeat, this story deals with two main points;
(a) why I became a Soviet agent, and (b) why once I had become
a Soviet agent, why did I continue to work with them.

Now, to take each of these matters in their
proper chronological order:

1) The Early Background From The
Years 1920 to 1933

It is realized, of course, that, as occurred
in mythology on the planting of the dragon's teeth (when the
soldier sprang fully armed from the ground), I did not likewise,
in a matter of a day, a year, or even two years, overnight become
of such a frame of mind as to at once agree to work for Russia.
The fertile soil had to be there, and it was, for me to have
become receptive to BLACK's intrigues, and not only yield, but to
actually earnestly desire to work with PAUL SMITH, whom I knew
to be a representative of the Soviet Union.

There are four significant points:

(1) The matter of anti-semitism:

When I was about twelve I made regular trips
to the Public Library at Broad and Porter Streets, a distance of

about two miles from my home. On returning from one such trip I was seized by a group about 15 gentile boys at 12th and Rhunk Streets and was badly beaten - the other boys with me fled. As a result, my father, with my not too unwilling agreement, began to "convoy" me on Saturday nights back and forth from the library; he would patiently wait outside for as long as one-half hour till I had obtained my books. But, glad as I was to have it, I was very much ashamed of this protection and sought to conceal it from the other boys in the street.

After two years of this, LEON GULTMAN, a neighborhood boy, and I began to go to the library together, and I abandoned Pop's escort. LEON and I would plot a course which took us past any gangs which might be lying in ambush.

From the period of 1918 to 1925, the 2600 block of South Phillip Street (and the surrounding ones) were the objectives of periodic surprise sorties by the "Neckers", who lived in the wasteland of Stonehouse Lane; this area, the "Neck", was a marshy section of South Philadelphia near the city dump, and Stonehouse Lane was a winding continuation (below Oregon Avenue)

of Third Street. The inhabitants there, lived under extremely primitive conditions and amid the mosquitoes and dirt raised hogs and did a small amount of desultory produce farming. The general objective of these lightening raids was the comparatively civilized area of paved streets North of Oregon Avenue, but their special hatred was directed at the Jews (forming some 70 per cent of the inhabitants) in these brick throwing, window smashing, lightening forays.

- (2) My Pop's difficulties at the Victor Talking Machine Company (Since 1926 the Radio Corporation of America)

When Pop first began to work for the Victor Company in 1915, the job was one which had the designation of "lifetime". The firm was run on a benevolently, philanthropic basis with a high wage rate, assistance in buying a home and gifts at Thanksgiving and Christmas - such as, turkeys, food baskets and watches. The workmen there were a good, solid, substantial type and their criterion of respect for a fellow worker was his ability at his job.

But, in 1920 things began to change. There was a large influx of immigrant workers needed in the change-over

from the old craftsman type of manufacture to mass production methods. These men were crudely anti-semitic and made Pop, one of the few Jewish workers, the object of their "humor"; they stole his chisels, put glue on his tools and his good clothes and, in general, made life miserable for him. There was no point in protesting to the foreman because he was fully as anti-semitic. When Pop finally did strike one such tormentor, the man, though much larger than Pop, turned out to have a weak heart and Pop almost lost his job in the ensuing commotion. So, he just patiently put up with it all.

Actually, I would never have known any of this, for Pop carefully avoided mentioning any of these occurrences to me, but Mom dropped sufficient hints over a period of years and I overheard enough for me to construct an accurately disheartening picture.

Beginning about 1926 my father came under an Irish foreman who hated the Jews far more bitterly than anyone Pop had ever encountered. He told my Pop "I am going to make you quit" and he put him on a particularly fast production line.

where Pop was the only one handsanding cabinets. So SAM GOLD would come home at night with his fingertips raw and with the skin partially rubbed off. This was no exaggeration. Mom would bathe the fingers and put ointment on them and Pop would go back to work the next morning. But he never quit, not Pop, and he never uttered one word of complaint to us boys.

Many other such incidents could be described, but the pattern was there (such as the snowball fights with the boys at the Mount Carmel School in which I was clipped with one which contained a rock). This was a scheme to which I built up a tremendous resentment throughout the years and the desire to do something active to fight and to combat it. Something on a much wider scale than by combat of an individual anti-semitic.

(3) My Belief in Socialism

I recall clearly in the 1920's my mother's fascination with the character of EUGENE DEBS and his advocacy of Socialist principles. "The Jewish Daily Forward", our paper during these years, also espoused the theory of Socialism. So, along with the various numerous stories of KOVNER, SHOLEM ALACHIN, I also got a steady diet of Socialist propaganda.

In my late high school years, and through till 1933, I became a great admirer of NORMAN THOMAS and thought him a very great man indeed. Bolshevism or Communism was just a name for a wild and vaguely defined phenomenon going on in a primitive country thousands of miles away. Many of the boys at high school were also Socialistic in principle - so they taught a dreary subject, "Civics", which seemed to have no relationship to the actualities of War Politics, as practiced in Philadelphia during the days of the Vane Regime. But Communism, no! I can still clearly recreate the scene of sitting with IZZY ABRAMS and MILT MAZER in the public park at Fifth and Ritner Streets during an early fall evening in 1928 and hearing that DAVEY ZICK had become a Communist and was actively engaged in making speeches and in circulating literature. "A Communist" - I was horrified.

"Well, don't be too harsh", said IZZY. "After all, if he believes in it, that's a great deal". "And, it's a hard life he's having". But still my feeling of revulsion was there - a Communist!

So, in 1932 after leaving the University of Pennsylvania and returning to work at the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, I still thought that THOMAS was a great man. And in my enthusiasm I expressed my convictions before a group of my co-workers, including TOMMY FERGUSON, while I was working at the company's Distillery Division. Thereupon, FRED STETSON, the superintendent, rebuked me sharply and said that he wanted no further talk of socialism in the plant, which only, of course, made me the more obstinate. But, I shut up - this was the depression.

One final item in this matter of Socialism, It may be significant that TOM BLACK and AL BLACK were also socialists initially - in fact, BLACK even as I, was never a convinced Communist.

Four: In December, 1932, just one week before Christmas, I was laid off from my job as laboratory worker at the Pennsylvania Sugar Company. But, the reason was not my preach on Socialism. This was a mass lay off of some twenty-five men. However, Mr. STETSON, an insecure character, was resentful and

suspicious of the fact that I was "Dr. Reich's man" and had been put in the distillery over his objections (when I left the University of Pennsylvania in March, 1932, Dr. Reich, my former employer, was unable to place me in his laboratory, and did the next best thing in finding me a job during those dreary depression years). So, though all of the other names on the firing list were alphabetical, mine, like Abou Ben Adhem's, headed the list.

Then it was that FRED MELLER, a research chemist in the main laboratory, suggested that I should take my family to the Birobidjan area of Soviet Russia. This was nonsense, of course, because as bad as it was here, I still liked it - here were the sports of baseball, football and basketball; and Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Stearnagle and Budd on the radio and here were IZ LIEBERMAN, AL EKLER, DANNY GUSSICK, FRANK KESSLER, LEON COLTMAN, SAMMY HAPTEL and all of the familiar and beloved area of South Philadelphia and Phillip Street. But, here also was the disgraceful spectacle and deep ignominy of charity. The first thing that followed my discharge

was the necessity of returning a parlor suite (the first in 14 years) to Lit Brothers - that \$50.00 refund was so necessary and loomed so large.

I should like to digress for a moment on this matter of charity.

Mon was opposed to it - violently so. In the 1920's, on the 2600 block of South Phillip Street, most of the families lived on the wages earned by the head of each family. But, there were a few, who, on account of the death of a father or a protracted illness in the family, existed wholly or partially on the subsidy of various charitable organizations, and some found this rather to their liking, and came to consider this a God-given right. My particular friend, and one of the gang of DANNY, IZZY, ABE AND FRANK, was IZZY LIEBERMAN, one of 11 children. His father was tubercular and his mother worked to help support the family; the rest of the income was made up by a Jewish charity. At this time it was the custom for the various neighborhood "canters" to give baskets of food at Thanksgiving and Christmas to all the needy who applied. And, it was the custom of many

families to go and collect as many of these baskets as they could, whether they needed it or not - After all, it was there, so why not take it?

So, Mrs. LIEBERMAN, in all kindness and sincerity said to me one morning: "Why don't you go along with IZZY and LOUIE and the girls and get a basket HARRY?" Whereupon, I drew myself up in the full snobbish righteousness of my 12 years and, with the blunt cruelty of which only a child is capable, said, "My mother says that in our family we don't take charity". Mrs. LIEBERMAN was deeply hurt and naturally told Mom about this, and I got soundly walloped so that I would learn not to offend people in the future.

Also, this. I was quite frail and sickly during my grammar and high school days, in particular during the former period. At this time it was the practice of the public schools to send the most underweight and undernourished children for a ten to twenty day stay at a summer camp operated by the Christian Association of the University of Pennsylvania, at Greentown, Pennsylvania (some 50 miles Northwest of Philadelphia). My name

was put on the list, but when I told Mom about it she demurred - it was charity. Finally I talked her into going to the Sharswood Grammar School and speaking with Mrs. BIERMASTER; and the teacher told a white lie and said that this summer camp was really a part of the public school system, and was in no way a charity affair. I do not believe that Mom ever really swallowed this story, but inevitably her concern for my health triumphed and she permitted me to go to camp for two glorious summers when I was 12 and 13 years old.

I gained five or seven pounds on each occasion, learned to love spinach (and I still do), played soccer, shivered wonderfully on the huge boulders around the camp fire while the counselors (all of them university athletes) told ghost stories, and developed a fabulous appetite, one which has stayed with me yet. As ABE BROTHMAN once said, "HARRY will eat anything which will stand still long enough that won't eat him first".

But, to get back to the main stem of the story, I looked for work frantically for five weeks in December or January of 1932. Then FRED HELLER came to see me

and said that a friend of his and his former classmate at Pennsylvania State College, a TOM BLACK, was leaving his job at the Holbrook Manufacturing Company in Jersey City and could possibly arrange to put me in his place, and, so, it turned out: One cold night a week later, I was called to the phone at the GOLDMAN'S and FRED excitedly told me that he had just received a telegram saying that I must be in Jersey City that night. Now hurriedly and anxiously packed a brown cardboard suitcase and I borrowed \$6.00 from FRANK KESSLER as well as a jacket which closely matched my pants, and I was bundled on a Greyhound bus to Jersey City.

I arrived there at about 1:00 a.m., and finally found my way through the snow to the Corbin Avenue address of BLACK (every event of that night is clear and sharp: the bundled laborer who directed me and then snarled when he learned that I was here for a job "Better go back boy - enough people out of work here"). BLACK was waiting for me downstairs. I can still see that huge, friendly, freckled face, the grin and the feel of the bear-like grip of his hands.

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We ate and then stayed up until 6:00 a.m. while TOM briefed me on soap chemistry and, in particular, on the "complicating circumstances" - it appeared that the Holbrook Company was owned by two brothers, FRANKLIN and STANTON SMITH, and was operated by a superintendent named Mac Intosh. MacIntosh, according to BLACK was very anti-semitic and would never consent to hiring a Jew. So, I would have to say that in spite of my name I was really not Jewish, since my grandfather had become a convert when he married a gentile girl. It was this gloriously jumbled story that I must tell, and added to this was one significant item - TOM BLACK told me frankly that he was a Communist Party member, and that HELLER had purposely selected me for the reason that, as a Socialist, I was a likely recruit to that more militant organization.

During a fair portion of the five hours during which we talked that morning, I was subjected to a steady barrage of "facts" to prove that: Capitalism was doomed here in the United States; that the only country of the workingman was the Soviet Union; and that the only sane and reasonable way of life was Communism.

The next day I got the job. It was actually FRANKLIN SMITH who hired me and who steadily defended me against the attacks of MacIntosh. I am certain no one was taken in by the story of my not being Jewish. TOM was right about MacIntosh, for the latter would tell me what a wonderful man Hitler was, and how the Jews in the United States should be put on ships and the vessels sunk in midocean.

That wonderful \$30.00 every Saturday kept our family off relief; I spent \$11.00 every week; \$3.00 for rent; \$4.00 for food; and \$4.00 for the round trip train fare to Philadelphia, and the family and Max and Pop and Yus lived on the remaining \$19.00. We went into debt to COLTMAN, the Butcher, and to RENICK, the grocer, and to our landlord EARL I. SCHOFIELD, but we were not on charity - and eventually all of them were repaid. I was grateful to BLACK, very much so.

From the very first, TOM insisted on taking me to Communist Party meetings in Jersey City. I went. There I met such assorted characters as Mackenzie, the seaman, a young man with gaps in his teeth (due to his penchant for slugging it out with Jersey City's giant cops); an earnest old Pole who was

an ex-anarchist; and, a volatile Greek who once said in petulance at a meeting which had drearily degenerated into a discussion of Marxian dialectics, "The hell with this stuff - give me five good men and I'll take Journal Square by storm". These were sincere, but there were others, others who frankly were in it for only the purpose of satisfying some ulterior motives. A whole host of Bohemian characters who prattled of free-love; others who frankly were lazy bums who would never work under any economic system, depression or no depression; and, finally, a certain type very adequately described by the Swiss as "ploedersacken" (endlessly boring talkers) to whom none but this weird conglomeration would listen, if even they did.

Nothing was ever accomplished at these meetings - they were interminable and never would end before 4:00 a.m. - and, in spite of TOM'S unrestrained enthusiasm, the whole dreary crew seemed to be a very futile threat - even to the unstable economy at that time and, 17 years later, I still think so.

TOM wanted me to join the Communist Party, but much to my relief he said, I "must be adequately prepared before" I do so. He suggested that I study the various Communist Party

text books and that I should enroll in some of the evening classes for "workers" given by the Communist Party in New York (in the area of their 12th Street headquarters just off Union Square). I did go there one evening, very timidly I must confess, and I bought two pamphlets and made some inquiries from two very suspicious men - these obviously thought that I was a police spy.

I can still see that room with its walls papered with drawings of brawny and up-right workmen in overalls and with up-raised arms and capitalists with fat cigars and bellies sitting on piles of coin.

Then, in September of 1933 came the NRA, the Blue Eagle, and the opportunity to return to Dr. Reich and the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, this time in Dr. Reich's own laboratory and working on the night shift in the sugar refinery. Though the pay was the same, I accepted, for I would be saved the expense of living in Jersey City, and even more than that, I would be back with my family again and away from BLACK'S importunities.

On the night before my departure I met VERA KAKE. FRED HELLER had come over from Philadelphia and had picked up TOM BLACK and ERNIE BROCKSEMAN in Newark. I was just on the point of packing my bag and leaving for Philadelphia, but first they said I had to go with them to VERA'S, and so we did, to an all-night party in Greenwich Village at VERA KAKE'S apartment on 9th Street.

She was then a woman of about thirty and was divorced from her husband; she had an eight year old son back in Upstate Utica, New York. Miss KAKE (her maiden name) was an attorney and worked on Wall Street for the firm of Frazier, Speare, Meyer, and Kidder.

Apparently TOM and ERNIE and FRED had known her for a long time. In appearance she was in medium height and build, very graceful with straight dark hair, and an attractive smile (almost a grin), a pleasant and direct manner; to TOM and ERNIE in particular, she behaved more as a mother hen to those bachelor exponents of the random life.

A note on ERNIE: He was a Swiss emigre, who just, as has many Swiss boys (and has my pop) found that picture-postcard country an intolerable place in which to earn a living. He had then been here some ten years, was a graduate

of Cooper Union (the free Evening College in New York) and was taking his Master's work in Chemistry at Columbia University. It was ERNIE who had gotten TOM the job at NOPCO (The National Oil Products Company). ERNIE was then about thirty-two, had a shambling walk, and an oddly enough graceful hang to his frizzled clothes. He always had a quizzical smile on his somehow careworn face. As far as I know, ERNIE, though a Socialist, has never been a Communist.

He came from a careful race, one with an ingrained respect for "Das Gesetz" (the Law) and he was of the onlooker and not the participant type. His principal diversion was belonging to hiking clubs and taking long and arduous jaunts on Sunday mornings; and at hours which horrified the night owl--and the late sleeping--TOM.

I have used the phrase, "all-night" party, but this was no orgy. We just sat around, ate spaghetti and oysters, drank the cheap wine of the neighborhood, and talked. O'boy we talked. VERA read incredibly funny stories from the "New Yorker" by JAMES THURBER and some rather good ones from the "New Masses" (the literary journal of the Communist Party), and we talked. Somehow an argument started on the

subject of how superior was the Soviet way (or rather lack of) family life as contrasted with that of the decadent United States. To me this was the worst sort of heresy and I hotly defended the concept of the happy and closely knit group of parents and children. I was particularly articulate because there was the added incentive of that very day returning to my home in Philadelphia. Even the laconic ERNIE admitted, as we made our way through the early Sunday morning quiet of downtown Manhattan to the subway, "You even had me believing you, Harry".

* * * * *

The circumstances and motive that influenced my coming to the decision to work with PAUL SMITH; possibly the word "influenced" should be replaced by that of "impelled", for at this point I wish to emphasize that my agreement was by no means passive in nature. So in September of 1933 I returned to Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Sugar Company, and Phillip Street, and beginning that winter I entered the course in Chemical Engineering at the Evening School of Drexel Institute of Technology--I still had hopes of going to college, but I thought that the time spent here would be

well worth it, even though only a diploma, and not a degree, was issued.

But I was not through with TOM by any means, or I should say that the latter was not not through with me. He kept coming to Philadelphia on visits to FRED HELLER and always went down to South Philadelphia to see me; my family was naturally very glad to greet the man, who, in effect, had been our economic savior, and TOM with his bluff and hearty ways quickly endeared himself to them. He did begin to propagandize pop and mom, but then suddenly stopped.

Also TOM stopped urging me to join the Communist Party in Philadelphia. Newark, Jersey City or New York would have been bad enough, but Philadelphia would have meant disgrace to my family and the certain loss of my job. For as TOM'S insistence on my joining the Communist Party increased, so did my resistance, and so did the reasons pile up. From TOM'S own account the members were a shabby and shoddy lot, run through with informers and opportunists, and were great characters for putting other people on a spot, the sort of "You go out and get your head cracked, its only the cops" attitude. And in spite of TOM'S urging I can not recall having made any inquiries in Philadelphia about joining the Communist Party.

Also TOM kept inviting me to come to Newark and almost always we went over to VERA'S, and it was there that the steady tidal wave of "facts and information and proof" regarding the splendid future of Communism and glories of the Soviet Union swept over me. TOM and VERA never let up, but they were not as obvious as might be supposed.

There was also the tiny, but effective sound as a small wave of discrimination slapped against the exposed grief of my mind; here are two incidents they related:

TOM told me how his name was originally TASSO LEFFINGWELL BLACK; his father a professor of English Literature and a great admirer of the Renaissance poet TASSO, had named him after that famous man. But when TOM left Pennsylvania State College in 1927 he had considerable difficulty for a while in obtaining job interviews. Eventually he did manage to get into see the Personnel Manager at the American Cyanamid Corporation in Elizabeth, New Jersey, whereupon that individual gazing in surprise at my friend (with his build and features a two-hundred-year throw back to those of a British peasant) said, "My God, I was certain from your name that you were an Italian" and a great light dawned on time--this was why he

had been unable to get into so many plants.

And VERA described a Christmas Party in the offices where she worked; it was a sedate and dignified affair with good, rich food; and near the conclusion one of the partners in the firm rose and proposed a toast: "A happy Christmas to all we Christians here for I am thankful there are no others in this firm". This was where VERA, looking significantly across the table at one of the stenographers, a girl who unknown to anyone but Miss KAKE, was Jewish.

And it was there, at VERA'S, late in 1934 or early 1935 that TOM disclosed to me that he had, and I believe through VERA KAKE, met a man who worked for Amtorg, the Soviet Trading Company, in New York, and who was desirous of obtaining--the word "stealing" is the accurate word--a variety of specialized information and data on chemical processes that were carried out in the United States. In particular this man was interested in such items as manufactured by BLACK'S employer, the National Oil Products Company of Harrison, New Jersey; such items were:

Paper "sises" (fillers); Vitamin D Concentrates (from fish oils); and sulphinated oils (synthetic detergents

for textiles)--It can readily be seen how such materials would be used in education (paper), as food (fish oil concentrates), as soap (fish oil residues), and for clothing (sulphinated oils).

Certainly these products would be a tremendous boon to a country back in the 18th century, industrially speaking (in spite of some localized advances), but TOM and VERA said that so much more was needed--and among those were the various industrial solvents used in the manufacture of lacquers and varnishes (such as Ethyl Acetate, Butyl Acetate, Butyl Alcohol, Amyl Acetate, etc.), such specialized products as Ethyl Chloride (used as a local anesthetic) and in particular, absolute (100%) alcohol (used to blend, i.e., "extend", motor fuels). All of these the Pennsylvania Sugar Company's subsidiaries, the Alcohol Distillery and the Franco-American Chemical Works at Carlstadt, New Jersey, made; and all of these could go toward making the harsh life of those who lived in the Soviet Union a little more bearable.

Would I agree to obtain this information for the Russians? I said that I would think it over, but actually I had already made the decision. Yes, I would, in fact I was even to a certain extent eager to. I have said above that my

agreement was by no means passive. Why? Why was this? Here is really the crux of the whole long story, the story that had its culmination in my deeds during 1944 and 1945; the whole eleven years of lies and falsehoods and deceptions and thievery--practically all of my adult life, Why?

On the surface there were three reasons that appeared to operate at that time. Reasons why I agreed to furnish chemical information to Russia:

1. I already owed a debt of gratitude to TOM BLACK for having saved my family from going on relief--by giving his job at the Holbrook Company.
2. A genuine desire to help the people of the Soviet Union to be able to enjoy some of the better things of life.
3. I got TOM "off my neck" about joining the Communist Party

But these were really surface circumstances, they were there, it was true, but there were also some underlying ones which were far more powerful in making my decision. Even though I did not realize it at this time, they were:

1 - The one point that TOM and VERA had dinned away at was the fact that in only the Soviet Union was anti-Semitism a crime against the State, and look here it got a man elected to the U. S. Senate. Here, too, in the person of the Soviet Union was the one bulwark against the further encroachment of that monstrosity, Fascism. To me Nazism and Fascism and anti-Semitism were identical. This was the ages-old enemy of the Roman Arena, the ghetto, of the inquisition, of Pogroms, and now of concentration camps in Germany. Anything that was against anti-Semitism I was for, and as the chance to help strengthen the Soviet Union seemed like a wonderful opportunity.

It might be asked, why didn't I try to fight anti-Semitism here in the United States? Frankly, this seemed to me like a pretty hopeless business.

It has always appeared to me that the only people who attended plays which preached tolerance were those who were already tolerant, and who needed no proselytizing. Those who needed the message most, never went. It seemed that once a person had become an anti-Semite, he stayed that way. The only possible way to combat it here seemed to be to start with the children, but unfortunately it

was the children's parents who inculcated the seeds of hatred.

And it is a most sardonic turn of events that I who so much wanted to do something to fight the hatred of Jews, have done much more to aid its spread than every FRITZ KAHN or the various "front" or "shirt" organization ever did. I say no more.

2 - A certain lack of discipline seems to run as a thread through all my life. This statement can best be illustrated by two incidents:

The first occurred during the last week of the second semester of my senior year at Souther High in Philadelphia. At that time my English Instructor, and head of the department, was a man called Dr. FARBISH. He had just that year come to Souther from Frankford, a school with a student body which was definitely a cut above that of our school in intelligence, and from an area which was on a somewhat higher economic plane.

Dr. FARBISH had the quaint concept that we should at the very least be able to express ourselves well in English. So he proceeded to raise veritable hell with

the students. I recall that he once told ART MORROW, at present a sports-writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer, and who, even then, was reporting school sports for the Public Ledger, that ART had "the literary ability of a chimpanzee."

The whole senior class was flunking and as a final reprieve Dr. FARBISH gave a quiz on Shakespeare's Macbeth. It was a relatively easy examination involving some twenty or twenty-five questions which required only two to three words of a factual answer. But all through the hour lowans of despondency and frustration could be heard through the room. It tooed quite high in the class, but even then I was surprised when Dr. FARBISH asked me to remain once I had handed my paper in. Then when the class was over he gave me all of the classes papers and said that I could help him out with a difficult situation by grading them for him that night--as I remember it he had some meeting to attend and a whole mass of other papers to mark.

I agreed, but unfortunately JOE BLUM saw me take the papers and when I left the room I was overwhelmed by a group of students all pleading, "please make me pass,

"Harry, please".

So I took the examinations home and sat up until five a.m., filling in answers, erasing wrong ones and substituting the right ones and even faking some twenty-five types of handwriting and when I was through everyone had passed, every single boy. I even down-graded my own paper to make the situation look less suspicious.

That morning I handed the papers into Dr. FARBISH; and that afternoon he met me in one of the school halls. He merely said, with a gentle sarcasm that still rankles and burns, "The class did very well, did they not, Harry?", and he turned his back and walked away. Yes, the memory of this is so goading that on several occasions in the past twenty-two years I was on the point of looking up Dr. FARBISH so as to apologise to him and to try to explain why I had acted as I did. But this last point was the stumbling-block--why had I done this for a group of stupid, lazy dolts to whom I had no responsibility and allegiance.

The second event is much more recent in origin and has to do with a series of experiments carried out by the

Research group at the Heart Station of the Philadelphia General Hospital. These experiments were called Hepatetectomies and involved the extirpation, or removal of the liver from a dog, and an attempt to follow a variety of chemical and cardiological changes in the animal until its death; in particular, we were interested in the potassium level. The work had been suggested by Dr. BELLET, the Director of the Research Project, and it met with universal opposition from the medical residents and we people in the laboratory.

It was not so much the tremendous amount of work involved (six people were tied up for a day and the laboratory for three days, and we often started at four or five a.m., which required my coming in at three a.m.) but two facts were:

First the removal of such a major organ as the liver also effected at least, say, four thousand other variables in addition to the few we were investigating, and from that point alone the work seemed scientifically unsound; second, when this work was being done early in 1950 there were a whole host of nearly completed projects,

all of them of solid and substantial basic value, and all needing just a little work, either in the laboratory or merely the manner of writing them up--and all of these were side-tracked while these Hepatectomies went on.

We all objected, but Dr. BELLET was adamant and so the experiments were continued. I brooded over this and took it much harder than almost anyone else, even to the extent of asking other research men in the hospital to intercede with Dr. BELLET. But it was not until I spoke to Dr. BILL POLIS and said that if Dr. BELLET did not discontinue this work, until at least the prior research was completed, then I must leave the Heart Station. I was that discouraged and desperate. It was POLIS who brought me back to sanity by saying, "After all, Harry, granted that all you have said about the futility of the Hepatectomies is correct (and I do not know that it is for after all these represent a basic experiment in physiological chemistry and much valuable data has been uncovered by means of them), granted that you are right, still Dr. B is in charge of the research at the Heart Station and is

"responsible for the progress of its work. Even if he is making a mistake, he has the right to do so, for no one is more anxious than he to do an outstanding job. And remember too, that in almost two years, this is the first time that he has ever insisted on anything; until now the residents and the lab have been given a free hand. So bear with him a little and remember he thinks so very highly of you--don't hurt the man by saying anything that you will later regret."

This brought me back to my senses and, in particular, I recalled that in order to do cardiological research, Dr. BELLET was working for pittance, and was giving up at least twenty-five thousand dollars in potential income from patients, which, as an outstanding practitioner in Internal Medicine, he could easily have had. And eventually Dr. BELLET discontinued the work and we went to our back-work and more fruitful pursuits.

Thus, I believe, that these incidents, more than anything else, show my almost suicidal impulse to take drastic, and if need be, illegal action, when I believed a situation required it.

Looking back now I can only too easily see the errors in reasoning (a better word would be "emotion") which

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led to such a foolish move in one case and from which I was barely saved in another instance. I do not clearly understand the drive that was there, but certainly it was present.

And so, in just such a manner I began to work illegally for the benefit of the Soviet Union, for I never tried to fool myself in this matter. I knew I was committing a crime, but it seemed the greater over-all good of the objective justified this action.

3 - There is involved also the very important fact that there must have been in my make-up a certain basic lack of faith in democratic processes. This is so fundamental to an understanding of what occurred that it must be considered in some detail. For, though, unswervingly through all these years of work with the Russian agents I thought of myself as an American citizen working, outside the law, and underhandedly it is true, for the Soviet Union, here I was unwittingly fooling myself--for no truly convinced American could have done what I did. This is so apparent, yet I did not see it then because if I had thought that my actions might in any way harm the United States I would never have gone ahead. And this is no

banal or futile attempt to seek an alibi.

To elaborate on the subject of a lack of faith in democratic processes:

In 1933, and the years just following, there were many things badly awry in America. This is an incontrovertible fact of which anyone who lived through that period need not be convinced. But there was actually nothing basically wrong, for all that was needed was for the necessary measures of social cooperation to be instituted, a cooperation between Government and capital, and industry and labor. And that has been done. I shall braashly undertake to explain very briefly by means of five items:

A. Savings bank assets are no longer the danger they were in 1929-30, they are insured up to ten thousand dollars, and shenanigans on the stock market are at least fairly effectively controlled by the twin guardians of the Securities Exchange Commission and the self-policing of the various exchanges.

B. Earnings from salaries and wages are expected to top one-hundred and thirty-nine billion dollars for the year 1950. This is an all-time high, and HENRY WALLACE'S 1946 goal of sixty million jobs is now more than an actuality; at the last count it was sixty-three million, and it is expected to go even higher. Corporation earnings are fantastic in the over-all, as of May, 1950, the Commerce Department reported that they were 12% higher than ever the same month a year ago. Individual firm profits are even more fabulous: "Combined first-half profits for seventeen United States steel companies total three-hundred and twenty-seven million, six hundred thousand, a gain of 17.6% over the 1949 half. Big Steel alone chalked up a 28% gain for the net of one-hundred nineteen million," (Time, August 7, 1950) and this is a basic industry. etc.

C. To continue, regarding home building, a subject always dear to my heart. July, 1950 was the best home building month in the United States' history. A total of one-hundred fortyfour thousand

new homes were started in this month, and the total for the first seven months of 1950 was an incredible eight-hundred ninety-three thousand.

D. In respect to the matter of discrimination: The Army has begun to train the fourth infantry division at Fort Ord, California. This is a pioneer project in which negro troops will be trained together with white troops with exactly equal treatment and no attempt whatever at segregation. And then is the fact that the major leagues now have such great negro players as CAMPANELLA, ROBINSON, DOBY, SAM JETHRO, LUKE EASTER, BAKE THOMPSON, and MONTY IRVIN—who would have thought this as little as five years ago. There is still a long ways to go, but the significant thing is that we are bowling along the high-road.

E. The old bugaboo of insecurity of old age has now been conquered by a combined effort on the part of the Government and industry. Not only has Social Security benefits recently been increased, and the number of eligibles widened, but we have recently had such instances as the liberal,

Wilson-General Motors Plan and that of the Ford Company. And the concept of a guaranteed annual wage is making fine headway.

All of this and much more has been done. But in 1933 and 1935 I lacked faith. I must have, even though I did not realize it then.

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4 - The final point regarding the hidden motives which made me so readily accept the offer of TOM BLACK and PAUL SMITH:

This has to do with that part of my nature which when I am confronted with a desperate situation, makes me immediately react by taking a positive action. Thus it has been in chemistry. When I once dropped a desiccator (dryer) containing twenty-two crucibles and a weeks work, I did not sit down and cry, nor did I go out and get drunk--as much as I wanted to. I just worked that night and for most of the following two days until the work was repeated.

And this inherent desire to do something about a bad set of circumstances, a trait which has been especially noticeable in my chemical work, which has accounted for

what success I have had in that field. For I have long known that I am not endowed with a brilliant mind, but accomplish things slowly by the hard (but also enjoyable) way of a steady and persistent attack on a problem. And this methodical attack, the true basis of all good research work, as opposed to the "one shot" genius technique, which has inevitably led me to the right door in the so many which confront an investigator, and which for a time all seem to lead to a dead-end.

Undoubtedly this motivation to participate in aiding the Soviet Union by doing something and not just being an idle bystander, had a great influence.

To summarize then, there were in addition to the previously noted factors, of gratitude to BLACK, a genuine desire to help the Soviet Union, and the fact of getting BLACK "off my neck" about joining the Communist Party. These, just under the surface impulses, as related above: The fact that by helping the Soviet Union I was aiding the one country that consistently fought Nazism (a term to me identical with Fascism and anti-Semitism); a basic lack of discipline; a basic lack of faith in democratic processes; and an overwhelming drive to do something drastic about a bad situation.

I did not immediately begin to work with a Soviet agent in 1935, on assenting to BLACK'S proposal early in that year. There was an interlude of about seven months, until November, during which time we fumbled about with the matter of how we could go about copying the data in Dr. Reich's Office. Most of this was in the nature of voluminous plant operating reports, and blueprints of equipment, and we soon found - VERA made all the inquiries - that the photocopy costs would be prohibitive - none of us had such money. We were earnest enough, but we just fumbled around (the one piece of information which I did get for BLACK and the Soviet Union was a process for the manufacture of phosphoric acid from waste bone-black and waste sulphuric acid; this was a relatively simple affair and I made all the necessary sketches and copied the essential data myself);

Then, in the late fall of 1935 TOM came to Philadelphia and excitedly told me that all of this random effort was over - we were now to be provided, by Amtorg itself, with excellent facilities for getting information copies. All I had to do was to bring the material to New York. Best of all,

the man who was providing all of this service, a Russian engineer from Anterg, was very anxious to meet me, having heard so much about HARRY GOLD. And, added to this, TOM told me that this Russian had very warm words of praise for the information I had given the Soviet Union on the phosphoric acid process.

THIS CONCERNS MY ATTITUDE TOWARD THE ESPIONAGE WORK

In this manner then, I began to work for the Soviet Union. It might be said that this was a relatively innocuous beginning in that no military secrets were involved, only industrial espionage, and that on matters which merely served to better the lot of the people of Russia. But, even here, there was involved the stealing of material from a man whom I respected and who trusted me, Dr. Reich, the Director of Research at Penn Sugar. This did him no harm, true, but it must have hurt me, for it resulted in a letting down of the strong barriers against deceit, trickery and thieving, barriers which had been built up by my mother over so many years.

But, I was immeasurably aided in continuing this work by one factor - this whole existence became a way of life:

The planning for a meeting with the Soviet agent; the careful preparations for obtaining data from Penn Sugar; the writing of reports; the filching of blueprints for copying and then returning them; the meeting with PAUL SMITH or STEVE,

FRED or SAM in New York or Cincinnati or Buffalo; or seeing SLACK in Tennessee or KLAUS FUCHS in Cambridge or Santa Fe; the difficulty in raising money for the various trips; the weary hours of waiting on street corners in strange towns where I had no business to be and the killing of time in cheap movies; and the lies I had to tell at home and to my friends to explain my supposed whereabouts (Mom was certain that I was carrying on a series of clandestine love affairs) - all of this became quite ingrained in me. It was drudgery, and I hated it; anyone who had an idea this work was glamorous and exciting was very wrong indeed - nothing could have been more dreary. But, here is one curious fact:

When, beginning in February of 1946, my activity ceased, after a while I actually began to miss it, as ludicrous as it sounds. Even when, after 1948, I fell in love with MARY LANNING and my mind was constantly occupied with thoughts of marriage and a home and children, even then, I would get an occasional twinge of regret that I was not still carrying on espionage for the Soviet Union.

Once, I discussed this with BLACK and he said that it was really a mistake that he had got me into espionage work,

since I had such strong family ties and exposure would mean so much more to me than to a completely unattached person such as he. "But you know, TOM," I said, "in some funny manner I still long for that life which now seems dead, ever with and we hope, buried forever in the past." And, BLACK replied, "It is peculiar, I do too, even though it has caused me so much grief and disaster in the last 14 years". But, make no mistake, once and for all I was through with this work. I had had enough. Far too much in fact, and I only hoped that no one would begin to explore the labyrinth of lies, trickery and concealment which made up practically all of my adult life. All they had to do was to pick one thread and this whole skein would come unravelled. And, this is exactly what occurred in May, 1950.

There is another factor which enters into this business of what went on in my mind while I was engaged in spying. This has to do with my one-track mind, a particularly fortunate circumstance from the viewpoint of the Soviets. Here is how it operated:

When on a mission, I just completely subordinated myself to the job at hand, whether it was delivering data I had myself obtained, or a report I had written, or whether it concerned getting material from persons such as AL SLACK, KLAUS FUCHS or ABE BROTHMAN. Once I had started out on a trip, I thoroughly forgot home, family, work and friends and became a single-minded automaton set to do a job. This is really so. Probably this attitude was partly unconscious but certainly it was present and, above all, it was most effective. Once the task was completed and I returned home then the same process took place, but in reverse. I would return to work and would become completely absorbed in it. I would cast away and bury all thought of everything that had occurred on the mission - so perfect was my effort to forget that it can best be illustrated by the fact that the FBI has found in my home a whole mass of incriminating data relative to this work: blueprints (not submitted because they were later replaced by more recent ones); rough drafts of reports; street maps of cities and purchases of books in such towns as Santa Fe, New Mexico, and Rochester, New York; railroad and

plane schedules to places such as Boston and Chicago; and instructions from the Soviet agents. Some of this I knew existed - I was apathetic and made no effort to destroy it - but I had no idea of the extent and volume of this material. The FBI agents have referred to this mass of data as my "Fibber McGee's closet" (which that radio character is always going to clean out by never does). Also, it has not occurred to me until recently that possibly the occasional heavy drinking that I did was a not-quite-realized effort to aid me in forgetting and in helping release the tension. Undoubtedly too, my effort to bear part of the expenses of these trips was not wholly motivated by a desire to save the people of the Soviet Union money, for it may also have been an attitude on my part at mitigating the guilt associated with my crimes.

Also, there was this factor. After I began to work with PAUL and the others I was still always engaged in making a living in chemistry. And, as I have stated before, it was always my practice to make up for my shortcomings, inability for any lack of progress in the work (fancied or real), plus an ever-present desire for perfection and achievement, by working long hours at the job (In addition, a good deal of this

time I was attending night school, either at Drexel or in other courses aimed at increasing my knowledge of chemistry. And, these long hours had a two-fold effect, results which were (mostly) unintentional:

First, I was perpetually tired and this kept me from brooding and thinking too greatly either of the deeds I had done or their possible consequences to me should they be disclosed;

Second, I would pile up such a huge amount of over-time that it was very easy for me to take time off for a trip - no questions were asked nor was any suspicion attached to my absences. Thus, the Soviet Union work and my legitimate pursuits all too neatly complemented each other.

It may even be, considering the above factors, that I actually did not spend too much time thinking about the doubts which did occur and which I shall discuss in the two following sections;

There is the matter that for 11 years, until early 1946, I was steadily engaged in espionage work; then when YAKOVLEV deliberately lost contact with me for the next four

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years there were only two successful efforts to resume contact (one in December, 1946 and one in the fall of 1949). During this four year period, for the first time, I had the leisure to reflect at length and to evaluate the damage I had done, the full implications involved in this spying, and inevitably, to come to the horrible and sickening realization that it had all been such a tragic and irremediable mistake.

DOUBTS

Now concerning these doubts, they may be divided into two categories, early and late; the early ones refer to those that arose while I was actively engaged in working with the Russians from 1935 to 1946; the later ones came as I had the time to reflect in the years from 1946 to the present, as I have just described above.

This section will consider the early doubts and how they were answered and eventually put aside. There are six principal ones:

1. The ruthless persecutions of Catholics and the extermination of their religion in the Soviet Union.

From the time I first met TOM BLACK and ERNIE SEGESSEMAN and VERA KANE, it was all too obvious that they were not only completely atheistic, but militantly opposed to all religion and to Catholicism in particular. This was readily apparent in their crude jokes at the expense of the Pope and priests and in their jibes at religion as "the opiate of the masses". This literally would make me sick to my stomach, and I would say so, citing the facts of the sincerity

of the beliefs of my life-long friend and co-worker MORRELL DOUGHERTY, and of the good deeds of his mother and father, both prominent Catholic lay people. And, though I was answered that these two were poor deluded fools, still this did not satisfy me. Besides, it was the uncomfortable realization that if one religion, Catholicism, could be persecuted, so could another, the Hebrew, and the thought that Birebidjan was actually nothing but a huge concentration camp for these Soviet Jews who persisted in clinging to their beliefs.

Later, when I began to work with PAUL SMITH and STEVE and FRED, I mentioned these objections. PAUL and STEVE both said that the severe measures were necessary because of the unrelenting plotting of the Catholic Hierarchy with all of the reactionary elements, and that when these ceased, the Catholics would be permitted to worship in peace. They both added that freedom of all religions and nationalities was an integral part of the Soviet Constitution and quoted me from dissertations by Lenin and Stalin on this subject. And, these two men both emphasized the fact which had so intrigued me at first, that the only country in the world where anti-Semitism

was a crime against the State of Russia. FRED, and later SEMENOV, pointed out that they were both Jews and that they both enjoyed the greatest possible opportunity in the Soviet Union.

Also, after the wonderful manner in which I was received in Xavier University and the complete lack of bias that I encountered, my doubts became even more intensified. It was so inescapable that these people at Xavier were good at heart and utterly sincere (and this last criterion to me was tremendously important in judging others).

Two incidents: I desired to refresh myself in the calculus and, so, a special class was arranged by Father BUTLER for 8:00 a.m. a full hour before regular instruction was scheduled; and there were just two students, ROGER WINTERMAN and I. Just try to get this done at some large university. And, then, when I graduated in June of 1940 I was awarded my degree, Summa Cum Laude, since my overall average merited it. Surely no discrimination here.

At Drexel, though my grades had warranted it, I gained no honors, and, in fact, two of the men I had tutored got them. But, when I would tell FRED of how well

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things were going at Xavier, he would agree that the Jesuits were fine people and much to be admired for the obvious honesty of their convictions; I just get no argument.

And, when Russia was attacked by Germany on June 22, 1941, there came a period in which very many "white" Russians rallied around their native land regardless of prior bitter differences and many Orthodox Russian Churches were again opened in Moscow and elsewhere; and this made me very happy.

2. I have spoken before of our closely knit family and of my dismay at the Soviet concept of a separation of a child from its mother, with the child being raised in a nursery while the mother worked. PAUL and FRED were closed-mouth about their personal lives (and I had been taught not to pry) but STAVE and SEMENOV and YAKOVLEV spoke with great pride of their wives and their children, and would elaborate on their great plans for the future of the young ones. In fact, one of the items that helped identify "JOHN" as YAKOVLEV was that he had once mentioned having a little boy and a little girl, with the latter called "Vicki", short for Victoria, in honor

of her being born on the day that the Germans surrendered at Stalingrad. Also, the earlier ideas (circa 1933) of free-love and easy-divorce were admitted by the Soviets to be totally unworkable and stringent restrictions were put into effect which made the separation of a man and his wife very difficult.

3. My mother's constant pounding away at the fact that a thief could "not look God in the eye, nor at himself with any respect" troubled me no end. But, I was constantly reassured by the Russians that the data I obtained could be secured no other way. I shall speak of this again in the discussion of my relationships with SEMENOV, FUCHS and BLACK. So, I stifled my doubts in the horribly mistaken idea that "the end justifies the means".

4. This one item bothered me more than any of the others. It had to do with the Soviets' seeming lack of initiative in chemical engineering research, and the utter horror of any pioneering efforts in that field.

From the very first, in 1935, PAUL instructed

me that what was wanted were processes already in successful operation in the United States; and PAUL, and the others who followed him, continually said that they not only preferred, but absolutely insisted upon, only having the details of a plant already in successful and proven operation in America as compared to another which, though it might promise to be very superior, still was only in the experimental stage. On several occasions, when I made efforts to submit material which represented work not yet in full-scale production, I would have my knuckles smartly rapped. So, I desisted; but I wondered.

When there is added to this their absolute veneration of American technological skill, I wondered again. To me this lack of adventurous spirit in research was a terrible heresy. For everywhere I had worked, at Penn Sugar and at the Holbrook Company, I was always given a free rein as regards the direction of my efforts in the laboratory. And, so completely was I absorbed in chemistry that I began to be troubled more and more. But, I was told that the Soviet Union was so desperately in need of chemical processes that they could afford to take no chances on one which might not work

and it was far more preferable to have a process which operated at an 80 per cent efficiency and did so day by day, to a problematical one which might work at 95 per cent but might also yield only 15 per cent.

Further, I was assured that this was only a surface condition and that in the Soviet Union basic research was pursued on a far vaster scale than in the United States, where the emphasis was solely on making profits. I was told, "Here in America the so-called pure research (in which the only prospective is to obtain data regardless of its future utility) is only carried out in universities and in obscure laboratories in a few widely scattered Government agencies; but in Russia, the program for building up a backlog of such data (without which no research at all is possible) is part of a vast and unrelenting, overall plan and is looked on as the most highly prized of all scientific effort (which it should be)".

5. I was much upset by two events that occurred in the period from 1939 to 1941. These were, of course, the

matter of the attack on Finland by Russia, and then the signing of the Nazi-Russian Pact. Both were of a pattern, and so were the answers that I received to my objections. The first, the invasion of a small country by one infinitely superior in size and potential, was countered thusly; Baron HANNEKEIM was of the German Junker Military Class and was really a terrible fascist; it was unfortunate that the war had taken place, but the Soviet Union had actually no choice if it wanted to protect itself and its future welfare. But the second item, this embracing of Hitlerism, what the hell! And, SEMENOV laughed uproariously when I told him of my doubts: "Look you fool, don't tell me that you too have been taken in by the frantic blathering in the capitalistic press. See here, what the Soviet Union needs more than anything else in the world is time, time to get ready, time to really build up our military might; and, when the proper hour comes, you'll see, we'll sweep over Germany and Hitler and obliterate the Nazis once and for all." But, in June of 1941 Hitler, having gained for himself, precisely what the Russians had wanted for themselves, struck first.

6. The Soviet pre-occupation with mass calisthenics was particularly repugnant to me. As a frustrated athlete, and as one who lost no opportunity to worship Lefty Grove, Doc Dean and Babe Ruth, or to sit in the stands and cheer for Penn, this Russian Erasts Method of physical endeavor was a joke. And, I knew that I never could be happy in such a land. I am far too much of an individualist to ever be joyous while engaged in raising my arms in unison in a stadium - I far preferred to sit in the stands and yell myself hoarse while GROVE came in with the bases loaded and struck out the side on nine pitched balls, or when Penn upset Wisconsin 27 to 13 (1930).

The Soviet system might build better bodies, but it seemed that even more so, it would result in more perfect automatons. This was never answered to my satisfaction.

One last incident should be recounted:

Once, in the fall of 1942, I did waver.

Things were going very badly. I had lost contact with AL SLACK (he had gone to Chattanooga, to work at the Atlas Powder Company plant - DuPont - in training for his later work at

Kingsport and things were going very poorly with BROTHMAN (a series of promises to produce the long-delayed report on mixing equipment had not been kept), and the whole business seemed very futile. Also, at this time my increased absences from home had depressed my mother very much, and I was greatly concerned. To top it off, on that very evening in New York, the usually ebullient SEMENOV had been very subdued regarding some failures of his own, and so, after I left him and went to Penn Station I came to the determination to be through with this work once and for all; I felt that I had done enough. I had some fifteen minutes for my train to Philadelphia and sat down in the smoking room of the station. Thereupon, I was approached by a swaying drunk who proceeded to vilify me as a "kike", a "sheeny bastard" and a "yellow draft dodger and money grabber" plus a series of far more horrible epithets.

Even though he was so obviously drunk I would have smashed his face but I withheld because I could not afford to be involved in a scrap in New York - where I had absolutely no business to be. So, I just walked away. But, as I did so, so went my resolution to quit espionage work. It seemed all the more necessary to work with the utmost vigor, to fight

any discouragement and to do everything possible to strengthen the Soviet Union, so that such incidents could not occur. To fight anti-Semitism here seemed so hopeless.

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HOW TO THE BETTER OF THE DOUBTS THAT AROSE SINCE
1946

I have said before that only in this period, when for the first time I was free of the constant weariness and toil of the espionage work, did I really begin to think of these matters and I wanted to assert that this is in no sense a belated and apocryphal matter, constructed with the intention of gaining sympathy so as to minimize my punishment - the terrible damage caused by the fact of my espionage is sufficient to insure that. These doubts that I shall discuss all arose in the period from 1946, till early this year.

All that I am doing now is to assemble them in a roughly coherent form. After all, while I was busy at the Philadelphia General Hospital and concerned with my love for MARY LAWKING and the possibility of marriage, one could not be expected to take an extended period to reflect on these matters. I sometimes did so, but the inevitable, the frightening

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skeleton of the possibility of my exposure and arrest, would intrude itself, and I would then try to obliterate all memory of the terrible mess that I had created in more than a decade. But, here in prison, with my mind perfectly calm and at rest, having disclosed every last event and every partical of evidence, I can now think clearly - one thing about prison, it's a great place in which to organize your thoughts and to express them exactly.

To begin then, with these later doubts:

1. Again, concerning Catholicism:

After the war, the much hoped for repose never occurred, and the situation only got worse. The persecution of Catholics was intensified as was the destruction of churches; and this was not only in the Soviet Union, but in all satellite countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

2. And, regarding the above countries, the invasion, political and military, of such lands was a horrifying spectacle. And, such events were always followed by the setting up of a Police State with the attendant concentration camps and tortures and executions for "spying for the reactionary

capitalistic countries". All that had to be done was to change some names and this was the identical pattern of Hitler and Nazism. And, no talk of buffer states could stifle the terribly sickening realization that I had worked for the very cause I had been trying to fight.

3. The farcical trials and abject confessions, particularly in the various countries bordering on the Soviet Union, absolutely terrified me. This had troubled me when it had occurred in the Soviet Union and is really a part of my early doubts, but its re-occurrence in these other lands made all too apparent that it was part of a general technique of terror. I actually would tremble when I would read of eight people being convicted by a "People's Court" in Bulgaria, with six being executed and two sentenced to life at hard labor; and often the victims were so young and had, in the past, performed excellent work for their native lands. Yes, I trembled, for here was I, almost in exactly the same situation: my heart went out to these unfortunates. The quarter column or so on page seven of the newspaper came all too alive for me.

Then, there was the remarkable incidence of cardiac

deaths among Soviet generals, a year or two ago. It was very curious indeed, and I don't jest, for I am in grim earnest.

4. From the first, I was entranced with the idea and the objectives of the United Nations. At the early meeting in 1944 or 1945 in San Francisco which led to the formation of this organization, I can recall the enthusiasm with which YAKOVLEV discussed the affair. We both thought it was such a great thing. Then came the disheartening series of Russian vetoes and the obviously obstructive tactics of MALIK, GROMYKO and VISHINSKY. And, as a technician who deals in facts, this constant mouthing of the blatant lies and reiterated vilification made a mockery of what had once seemed such a wonderful idea. Added to this was the previously mentioned too-black and too-white reporting of the Soviet press. I have mentioned this before in regard to the "Daily Worker". I realize that this was all for home consumption and that the Russians thought they had to put it on strong. But, as CLARENCE SPRATT (the accountant at Penn Sugar) once said, "enough is enough, even of a good thing" - and this was not a good thing. It just went against the facts as I knew them, regarding events in this country.

5. Finally, the hideous shackling of all of the arts to Soviet ideology is a monstrosity as great as any that was ever perpetrated by Hitler. Thus, the abject groveling of a great artist as PROKOPIEV, with his recent "Children's Opera" and its praise of "Stalin, leader and friend of children all over the world" (the quotation is not accurate, but the sense is there); the criticism in the Russian press of Soviet dramatists and movie makers as being influenced too much by decadent Western ideas, was absolutely an exact parody of JOSEF GOEBBELS' words; and last, the attempt to foist the bogus Lysenko Theory - regarding the influence of environment on biology - just because it agreed with Marxist ideas, was too much.

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH VARIOUS SOVIET AGENTS AND AMERICANS
AND KLAUS FUCHS

This brings us to my relationship with the various Soviet agents as well as with the Americans and with KLAUS FUCHS - with all of whom I worked. It might be asked why I deem this important, but it is. If for no reason other than to show that these were completely and utterly sincere people (and I have stressed my veneration for sincerity as a human characteristic); for had they not been, it could not have been concealed from me for eleven years - I could have been fooled, but not for that long.

First, concerning the first three - PAUL SMITH, STEVE, and FRED,

They were extremely dissimilar types, but they had one thing in common - a determination to do their job well. PAUL was a very sincere, and articulate man and had a definitely cosmopolitan background. He was very likely the original organizer of the industrial espionage set-up in the United States (and possibly in other countries). We got along wonderfully and, to be truthful about it now that I can reveal a bit, he played me like a violin - he was that good a

practical psychologist. STEVE was a huge man, some six feet and three or four inches in height, with a heavyweight boxer's build, but for all that he was gentle and shy and had an in-born liking for flowers and art which, as his English improved, I could discuss with great knowledge - it was he who introduced me to Cezanne and Van Gogh and the world of the great masters.

FRED was a small, dark man with a mustache, and was a fanatical Martinet. I hated him - he was, in fact, the only Soviet agent with whom I never got along. But still, as with the other two, I had to respect his zeal to get results (in this dirty work) - albeit grudgingly in his case.

Now, to the man I consider most important of all the Russians, SIMON M. SEMENOV, whom I only knew as SAM (though on several occasions I heard him use the aliases of GEORGE, SIMON and ROBERT). He was about my height, but had a heavier bone structure and was not fat. He had a swarthy complexion, almost Mexican-like in texture, black dancing eyes, and a really warm and friendly smile. SEMENOV was the only one of the Soviets who could have passed for an American (possibly on account of the length of his stay in this country) both in

the manner in which he spoke, dressed and acted - and especially in the way in which he wore his hat. For some reason foreigners never wear their hats as Americans do, even though these hats are purchased here. Somehow or other they do something to them. SAN was erudite and cultured and a mechanical engineer and mathematician by trade. He had read widely in English literature and was thoroughly familiar with the works of CHARLES DICKENS, FENIMORE COOPER, SOMERSET MAUGHAM, THOMAS WOLF, and the poets WADSWORTH, BROWNING, SANDBERG (a mediocrity he said, "and a bit of a faker"), ROBERT FROST and EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Regarding BROWNING, I can even recall our discussion of "My Last Duchess".

On some occasions when he was very weary, he would complain of the nasty job he was doing and, in particular, would be critical of the paid agents with whom he worked - apparently there were many such - for SEMENOV was indeed an active man. Also, it was soon evident (I knew SEMENOV from July of 1940 till March of 1944) that he was a very homesick man, one who longed to be in his native land. At every opportunity he would go to the ice hockey games at

Madison Square Garden and then would remain for the free ice skating afterwards and he would tell me of how much joy he had got out of skating in Russia and how he regreted that he was too busy to take advantage of the few opportunities here.

It might be that the conclusion I have arrived at concerning SAM, just below, is incorrect, but certainly this should be noted.

It has been made clear that this work was a drudgery for me, but it was even more so for SAM. His whole life was a succession of waiting apprehensively on street corners in New York and in various other cities, and in all sorts of weather. Waits which were often futile and sometimes extremely dangerous. Eating in cheap out-of-the-way restaurants and cajoling, pleading with and threatening various people.

The FBI has agreed with me in this respect, and as I do, they believe that he was an essentially honest and very able man (they have intimated that they have had some other confirmation of this, in addition to my statements).

But, as I have said, for the most part, his was a happy and effusive nature and, over the years, we accumulated a store of memories and private jokes concerning our past trials and difficulties with various people - just as two very good and close friends often do.

And, SAM would worry about me; on one occasion I came to New York four times in a single week, in a fruitless effort to obtain a report from ABE BROTHMAN on synthetic rubber, Buna-S (ABE kept assuring me that the data was ready, but actually he had not even begun to work on the report). The last trip was on a Friday night and I met my Soviet superior afterwards and said, "ABE absolutely promised to have the report complete tomorrow; let's make the arrangements to meet". At this SEMENOV flew into the worst rage that I have ever seen: "Look at you", he said, "You not only look like a ghost, but you are one - you're absolutely dead on your feet and exhausted. What must your mother think? You goddamn fool. Let me not hear of one more word of coming to New York tomorrow

or for several weeks to come - go home and spend some time with your family. This is an order. Listen, I'll bet you that son-of-a-bitch BROTHMAN has not even started this report and is just stalling for time. He is heartless and doesn't care how often you take trips to New York. You're good company and you listen to his bragging. So, of course, he is glad to see you. The hell with his Buna-S and everything - even if Moscow will fall tomorrow (which it never will) I am forbidding you to come to New York Saturday."

All this was said in one explosive breath. Then, SAM calmed down. "Come", he said, "we will go to the Ferris Wheel Bar (in the cellar of the Henry Hudson Hotel on 57th Street and Ninth Avenue) and have a few double Canadian Clubs and some sandwiches, and then I shall put you in a cab and personally see that you get on a train for Philadelphia. Better yet, I shall buy you a parlor car seat and some Corona Corona cigars". So it was.

And, SAM was right. It was not till two months later, plus a prodigious amount of prodding and work on my

part that the Buma-S report was finally readied by BROTHMAN.

One more incident: SAM would periodically fret about the fact that I was so often away from my family and, in particular, my mother. And, when my brother YUS left for overseas service, he became especially anxious and tried in every way to cut down on my trips. But, his greatest concern seemed to be over the fact that I had no wife and family of my own. "I realize that it is because of this work", he said, "But it's not natural or good. You are not ascetic and you have normal instincts and desires. We must find some solution to this problem. Obviously you can not take on the responsibilities of marriage and still do this work, (and do not think that our people fail to realize the sacrifice you are making). So, as soon as it is possible, you will once and for all cease dealing in this lousy business and completely forget it all. But entirely. And, you can then go ahead and run around with girls every night in the week (even as your mother thinks you do now), and then pick out a nice one and get married and have children."

SAM would continue saying that I could not go on in espionage work indefinitely - he said that I had already been in it too long - because not only was it too much of an ordeal, but inevitably a slip would occur, possibly not even one of my own making and the exposure would follow. Now right he was.

It is possible too, that this repressed longing for a family is one that caused me to tell both BROTHMAN and Mrs. HEISEMAN, Dr. FUCHS' sister in Cambridge, that I was married to a red-headed woman and was the father of twins. Ironically, this was the first clue that lead the FBI to me. Originally the purpose of this lie was to instill confidence in both ABE and FUCHS' sister - SEMENOV and YAKOVLEV had both instructed me that I should appear as a married man for the dual purpose of concealment of my true identity and to give the evidence of stability which a single man could not.

And, SAM would continue: "The obtaining of information in this underhanded way will not always be necessary. You'll see. After the war is over there will come a great period of cooperation between all nations and people will be

able to travel freely back and forth through all countries. You will openly come to Moscow and will meet all of your old friends again - They will be so glad to see you - and we'll have a wonderful party and I'll show you all around the town. Oh, we'll have a great time."

I am puzzled, even now, as to whether this was all part of a gigantic confidence scheme and whether SAM was trying to paint a picture that he himself did not believe in. I just don't know. I have stated that he was sincere, and once again I do not think that this estimate of him is a mistake. Yet, I wonder. Was it all part of a deliberate hoax?

Incidentally he would often bring me greetings - I do not think these were fakes - from PAUL and STEVE and FRED and would say that they were well. Even in the matter of the doubtlessly, carefully planned and staged presentation to me of the "Order of The Red Star", I am sure that, in spite of the ulterior motives involved (to set me up for the coming FUCHS affair and to insure that I would take enough money for expenses so as to carry out this work successfully) it was still the element of a genuine reward for work well done - and

at a considerable risk and sacrifice. I have said many times that I would be utterly frank, and possibly I am now carrying this to the point of mythological honesty, but it must be clearly understood that there is no element of braggadocio here. There is only an unrelenting, stabbing pain that I could have done the harm that I did.

The last item regarding SEMENOV: I saw him for the final time in late February or early March of 1944, just after my meeting with YAKOVLEV for the first time earlier that very day. In July of that year I failed to keep an appointment in New York with YAKOVLEV and, when I saw him the next time, he regretfully told me that he and SEMENOV had waited for three hours for me to show up - they had planned that we would all have a last farewell drink together at the Ferris Wheel Bar and on two occasions in 1945, JOHN brought me greetings from SEMENOV, messages worded so that they were undoubtedly from SAM.

It was a real wrench when I had to identify SAM as SEMENOV. Even on a 12 years old photograph, that smile

and those dark eyes and full lips were unmistakable. God knows what has happened to him in the Soviet Union. Yes, it made me think that I should want to rant and rave at those who "got me into this" predicament. But, I cannot bring myself to think of these people without sorrow.

Just a few words on YAKOVLEV:

He was younger man than I, and was taller by some inches; he had a shy, boyish grin and a lock of dark hair that kept falling over his right forehead, and this he would always brush back with a characteristic motion - I have even been told by a member of the FBI who had trailed YAKOVLEV steadily for a period of one and one-half years that I had succeeded in identifying a very poor photograph where this Government investigator had failed, and that my veritable description of JOHN had a startlingly life-like quality which had made this identification very easy. While SEMENOV was unequivocally the boss, here the relationship was more that of two equals.

Now, regarding those who were not Soviet agents, i.e., AL SLACK, KLAUS FUCHS and TOM BLACK:

AL was an extremely competent chemist and we spent much time talking shop as chemists invariably love to do. He was a graduate of Syracuse University. His technical reports were extremely carefully, clearly and ably written. Even as I, AL was never a convinced Communist. Though at first he took money for his tasks, SEMENOV always told me that AL was not to be looked down upon because of this. He "was an exception" to SAM'S contempt for paid agents. Apparently the thought here was that the huge amount of time and effort involved in obtaining and assembling this data should be compensated for in some fashion. While AL on two occasions showed just slight signs of reluctance in respect to continuing this work, he never openly expressed such a desire to me.

When he introduced the man HOLLOWAY to me in Cincinnati in April 1943, as an FBI man, I did not know, until the somewhat puzzled FBI man told me later, that SLACK had said that this was an effort to scare me off.

It has been stated that SLACK and I had three violent quarrels, in 1943 and 1944, before he would agree to

obtain the data on the explosive RDX. This is a lie. On my first trip to Kingspoint, Tennessee, it did appear to me that AL was perhaps trying to avoid me (and I reported this to the FBI back in June of 1950) yet there was never even the semblance of a quarrel. On my last trip to Kingsport in which I saw SLACK, in the fall of 1944, we played chess all afternoon and then AL, and his wife JULIE, as usual, drove me all the way to Bristol, Tennessee, (some 25 miles) to catch the New York bound N & W train. And, on parting, we agreed to meet just before Christmas. I did go to Kingsport in the week before Christmas loaded with gifts, but AL had already been transferred to Oak Ridge and in February or March of 1945 I received a very warm and friendly letter from AL.

When I was arrested I was very much saddened when I learned that since I had last seen him, JULIE had given birth to two sons - when I last saw the SLACKS they had just about given up hope that JULIE, because of an obstruction in her cervix, would ever bear children. Now, these two youngsters will forever be tainted with an ineradicable stigma.

Concerning KLAUS FUCHS:

I have been asked how I would characterize this man. I replied, "There is one word, an adjective, that pretty well sums up my estimate of the man, and that word is, 'noble'". This is not a strange statement.

Here: While KLAUS was a mere boy of 18 he was head of the student chapter of the Communist Party at the University of Kiel in Germany - where his father was, and still is, a professor of theology, and KLAUS, a frail, thin boy, led these boys in deadly street combat against the Nazi storm troopers in the era just preceding Hitler's ascension to Reichkanzler, and later, when the Nazis had put a price on his head he barely managed to escape with his life to England. And, I say it now, for a man of such convictions who fought this horror of Fascism at the risk of his life, I can not help but express my admiration,

In Britain he resumed his studies at an institution, and later, when the Manhattan Project was formed it was inevitable that as one of the world's foremost mathematical physicists he would be included in the British Mission to this country. It was while still in England that

FUCHS somehow got in touch with the Soviet agents, and arrangements were made to work with him on his arrival in America. I liked this tall, thin, somewhat gusty man, and genius (a word I always use with caution), with the huge horn-rimmed glasses (these photographs of him seem like caricatures), from the very first, and in his stuffy, repressed British manner he reciprocated. In spite of our agreement, at the initial meeting in January, that we meet as briefly as possible in the future, and then only to discuss business (i.e., arrangements for the transfer of information) so as to minimize the chances of being seen together, still on several subsequent occasions we would dine together or have some drinks on parting - even if always in out-of-the-way spots. At our last meeting in the hills between Santa Fe and Los Alamos, KLAUS and I discussed his impending transfer back to England, and KLAUS expressed the hope that some time in the not too distant future (say some five years hence) we would be able to meet in Great Britain, openly as friends, and not for the purpose of obtaining information for the Soviet Union. I spoke of my longing to

see the famous landmarks in Great Britain where WALTER SCOTT, BORRY BURNS, WORDSWORTH and SHAKESPEARE had worked, and FUCHS agreed that this impending visit was something he would look forward to.

Incidentally, contrary to newspaper reports, KLAUS refused to identify me from still pictures; and only when he was shown motion pictures of me (to which I had voluntarily agreed prior to my arrest) did he say that I was the man whom he had known in the United States - but even here this was after I had finally admitted "Yes, I am the man to whom KLAUS FUCHS gave the information on atomic energy". And, I think that he knew it was me all the time, yet he did not expose me. It may be that I am being unfair to DR. FUCHS here and that he really was unable to identify me from still photographs.

To get to TOM BLACK, the last man, and the one who first introduced me to PAUL SMITH and espionage work.

TOM is a huge, bear-like man, and a veritable

two hundred-year throwback to his British peasant ancestors what with the immense bone structure, broad freckled face, pug nose and a wonderful over-all good nature and honest kindness. It was this last characteristic that doubtlessly led him to become a Communist. BLACK had been a favorite student of the late great chemist FRANK WHITMORE at Penn State (no small accomplishment) and was one of the most remarkable chemists I have even known. Not only was he a superb lab man, with an uncanny dexterity and ability in those huge paws of his, but he had the unique quality of being able, from the very beginning to think a problem through without making any mistakes, or choosing any wrong avenue of attack - in direct contrast to my own technique for first making every possible error, until the correct method was left by the tedious process of elimination.

TOM was not a libertine - he was fully as repelled as was I by the prevalent Bohemianism of the Communist Party members. Just as I did, he deliberately avoided marriage (and being far more attractive to women with somewhat more difficulty) and devoted himself wholeheartedly to the espionage activity. I have told how, in our very first meeting,

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PAUL SMITH absolutely forbade me to see TOM again - to avoid the chance of disclosing the link should either of us be exposed, but in spite of this we continued to meet, even as sporadically and with somewhat of a guilty feeling. Once, however, as a bonus after the receipt of news from Russia that a particular piece of work had been deemed very valuable, it was arranged for the three of us to meet briefly on a bench in the 80's on upper Broadway.

There were also two more mundane reasons for me to continue to see TOM:

1. I could always use the excuse of a weekly trip to Newark as a cover for my more extended journeys to obtain information - and I would always phone TOM to insure that he would be able to verify, for my family, that I was with him;

2. TOM served as a last-resort source of funds when I was unable to raise the money - I still owe him a fair amount. And, it was to TOM that I went for comfort when I was at first completely panicked upon reading of FUCHS' arrest early in February, 1950; TOM was dumbfounded and horror-stricken

when he learned that it was I who had worked with FUCHS - it took me a full half hour of walking through the dark side streets of downtown Philadelphia before I got up enough courage to tell him; he had suspected that the nature of my trips to the Southwest (I had written him for money from Albuquerque or Chicago) had to do with this matter, but he had no idea that I was so deeply involved. But, he gave me the very sound advice that I just lie low and "not go near New York".

It should be emphasized that the statement of BALCK being fully as repelled by the prevalent Bohemianism of Communist Party members as was I, is not a contradictory one. TOM told me that all of this business, of at various times keeping a snake, a crow and white mice as pets, plus a number of other eccentric habits, was all part of a deliberately calculated plan to give the impression to people that he was a bit "off"; By this he hoped to accomplish two purposes; 1. Should his espionage activities ever require any peculiar actions on his part, it would all be taken in the

mature of his "normal" pattern of behavior; 2. At the same time his erratic personal habits would tend to discourage any match-making preclivities on the part of his friends - and this, again, leaving him free to pursue his spying.

I should add that, just as SAM and FUCHS did, BLACK despised our espionage work - He claimed that we were really not by temperament cut out for it, and that we were both happiest when left alone to work in the laboratory.

Incidentally, I often spent time with TOM in the NOPCO Labs and we complemented each other perfectly. We could work for hours without talking and we seemed each to anticipate the other man's thoughts and desires before they were actually expressed. I once attempted to get TOM a job at the Philadelphia General Hospital in the Nutrition Research Project of Dr. MICHAEL WOHL, and this still may have gone through had it not been for my arrest. I can think of no more glorious prospect than working along with TOM to aid the sick.

It will doubtlessly be commented that I admired

all of the above men very much. This was so and is to a great extent true. I make no bones about it. And, undoubtedly this respect, for sincere and competent men, was a facet of my character which, as its terminal effect, kept me working steadily at obtaining information for the Soviet Union. Surely I thought, all these men, whom I so respect, can not everyone of them be wrong.

7. This last matter has to do with my attitude and reactions during the three divisions of the final and vital period:

- A. Just prior to my arrest.
- B. During the period of voluntary custody.
- C. After the appointment of attorneys by Judge MC GRAHERY.

To go back a little:

I fell in love with MARY LANNINO when I first met her in Dr. HENRY SCHWARZ'S laboratory at P.G.E., on Wednesday, September 10, 1948. It really happened so simply: just like that; I knew that here was the girl I had been searching for all my life--as banal as this sounds. And, as we started to go out together and I got to know her well, this feeling only increased--and the wish to make her my wife became an overpowering drive in my life. Her unassuming manner, forthright honesty, and complete lack of artificiality, and her snub nose--completely captivated me. I could go on for hours.

But even in the very beginning a warning bell sounded: Suppose that the Grand Jury Investigation in 1947 is really not the end of all inquiry into my life, and who knew better than

I on what a precarious house of cards my whole life rested. And from the very first I realized, and MARY often remarked on it, that I never could be completely relaxed and at ease in her presence. But she never suspected the real cause. And later, when we became much more intimate, and after I had proposed for the first time in August of 1949, MARY said that only once, during a walk along Wissahickon did I seem completely natural; at this time she came very close indeed to accepting me.

But on our next meeting several days later, during a trip to the Poconos, I "froze" completely--yes, I froze as badly as a tyre on a high scaffold. And MARY complained she did not believe that I really loved her and cited my "lack of ardor" as proof. But it was not lack of ardor, it was fear of exposure--and not fear for myself, but a horror at the thought that the revelation might come after we had been happily married for, say, three or four years, with children and a home of our own.

It might then be asked, why, perceiving all this and with this Damoclean sword over my head, why I continued to see MARY LAMMING? To this I can only feebly reply that I

was hopelessly and genuinely in love.

But this I did know: What MARY fancied was lack of ardor, was also really a knowledge that I could never marry her without telling the whole miserable story of my past. This I knew I had to do; I loved her far too much to be as cruelly unfair as to conceal it. But, strangely enough, I did not fear that she would turn away from me because of what I had done. No, mistaken as deeds had been, I honestly believed that MARY, if truly in love with me, would find it in her to forgive, particularly since these acts had been so well-intentioned.

Also, I have a strong tendency to seek excuses for wrong-deeds, and possibly also a tendency to transfer my own emotions to other people; for I was in love with her and would have overlooked anything she would ever have done.

So, the thought of MARY renouncing me because of my espionage did not enter into the picture; what was terrifying was the thought of exposure coming a few years later. I was desperate and cast around me for a source of advice, but this had to be a special sort of confidante, who could keep so great a secret.

And the only ones I could think of were the Jesuit Priests at Xavier University, and, in particular, Father MAHONEY, who had done so much to open up the wonderful world of English Literature to me. And sometimes I thought of the tall Parish Priest at St. Ambrose's near "D" Street and the Boulevard in Philadelphia--for several years running we would speak every morning as I was on my way to work, and once I met him on the Penn. Campus near P.G.H. and promised to come and see him. But I never saw either man, I just kept putting it off. Beside I had the horrible certainty that their advice could only be one thing: Go and make a clean breast of it to the authorities.

Yet I know this--had MARY ever definitely said she loved me and would marry me, then I would have sought out either man (probably Father MAHONEY, as I did not at that time know he was in India) and then afterwards would have related the whole sorry tale to MARY.

There should be no mistake about this; for just as I had the knowledge (as I shall describe) when talking to Judge MC GRANERY regarding an attorney, that I would eventually, even if it did take several months, tell the

F.B.I. concerning every last particle of evidence relating to my activities, so did I know that once MARY said, "Yes", what my unwavering course must be. And I knew that she, with her solid religious up-bringing, would want it so.

So, suppose I went to the F.B.I., what would happen I thought. At first it seemed to me that I would simply disappear--vanish completely. And Mary and Pep and XUS would go crazy. Then again I kept thinking, suppose I do stand trial, what about the publicity, and leaving out my loved ones, what about Dr. MC MILLAN and Dr. BELLET at P.G.H. Dr. THOMAS MC MILLAN is former editor of the "American Heart Journal" (and now is editor of "Circulation") and Dr. BELLET is assistant editor; both men are world-famous in their field. And I would think how the sturdily built, square-jawed, yet infinitely gentle face of the white-haired chief of the Heart Station, would recoil in horror when the news came out.

This man, with the barest trace of the soft accents of Mobile still picturesquely present in his speech, who would himself wheel patients back to their wards after the

technicians and porters had left, who had such a wonderfully reassuring manner to all patients, no matter what their background or status, and of whom a medical school student in the hospital (an externe) once said, "He can't possibly be the chief of a service--he is too kind and gentlemanly". And Dr. BELLET so absorbed in pursuing cardiac research, that he eagerly gave up at least \$25,000 in annual income to enable him to carry on this necessary work. This man, who so trusted me, who had given me a completely free hand in building up the laboratory, and who would glow with such evident pride as he introduced me to many famous men in the field of medicine, who had given me the opportunity to work in this field where I had finally found a lasting source of happiness, who had accepted me for the job solely because I said that I liked Chemistry, could I ever let him have knowledge of what I had done.

And Dr. BILL STRIGER, the resident in cardiology-- BILL, who had been my first protector against the early doubts of Dr. BELLET (when the work was progressing slowly while the Lab. was being organized) and throughout almost two years had been the recipient of my hopes and aspirations,

what would the almost unbearable realization be to him, BILL the capable, the clear thinking, and my friend.

And Dr. JOHN URBACH, last year's resident at the Heart Station, JOHN who had come as a boy from Austria and as a refugee from HITLER'S invasion of that country. JOHN who was so anti-Communist, what would he think?

Yes, and the other residents and internes and chemists and technicians; "M.D. PHELPS, MD", just married to IRENE, a nurse; DAN LEWIS, who was so kindly; HAROLD ROWLAND, soon due to return from Kentucky; BUZZ HARVEY; SEYMOUR KETY; BILL POLIS; Dr. CLARK, Director of Laboratories; HENRY SCHWARZ, principal Biochemist, and DOTTY BELL, and ISABELLA Van der NORT--Oh, what the hell!

I confess I just could not bring myself to the point of giving up until I was actually brought to it. It was cowardly true, but until forced to by circumstances, I could not bring myself to tell the authorities; such was my mental environment or I should say, "confusion".

This concludes the events leading up to the entry of the F.B.I. upon the scene.

The day is Monday, May 15, 1950. Curiously enough when Special Agents MILLER and BRENNAN walked into the Heart Station Laboratory that afternoon, even before they showed me their identification, I knew who they were. And when they said they would like to speak to me about ABE BROTHMAN--"and other matters", that last phrase was the one which disturbed me.

So in the Bureau's Office at the Widener Building that night, for five hours I kept stubbornly repeating the story ABE and I had concocted about how we met and how I had allegedly met JACOB GOLOS (a man I actually never knew); and, as I had in 1947, I tried desperately to create the illusion that I was doing all in my power to cooperate. At first it seemed to be going well, but it was an ordeal, and those questions concerning my vacations, and about my trips to New York, Dougherty, on Penn Sugar's business and to Peoria (the Hiram Walker Distillery) all of which had been perfectly legitimate. And questions such as "Were you ever west of the Mississippi?", were, to put it mildly, upsetting. MILLER and BRENNAN were very polite, and seemed to be a most decent sort, but God, were they persistent! And still trying to be affable and cooperative, I agreed to meet them

again on Friday, when these men would again come down from New York.

I did not even think too much about BOB JENSEN's offer to ride me home--he said he too lived in the Northeast-- but first we dropped MILLER and BRENNAN at the 30th Street Station; and then I made a stop at the Heart Station Laboratory to carry out a brief, but necessary, manipulation on our ultra-filtration apparatus. I can still see BILL STEIGER helping me. But this business took a few minutes more than I had estimated and when I was leaving the hospital there was JENSEN walking to meet me to see what the delay had been. Significant, but not as significant as what followed.

Tuesday I worked till seven, and then attended the monthly meeting of the Philadelphia Physiological Society "Across the Wall" at the medical school. I knew all of the people there but the two young men who entered just as the meeting started, and then left after five minutes, could only be (and were) F.B.I. men.

Then, at 11 am on Wednesday I was startled to see BOB JENSEN put his head in the door of the Lab., "I just

"happened to be in the neighborhood", he said, "and I thought I'd stop in to see what your place was like".

So, for an hour I showed him around, trying to be as cordial as I could, with all the time the cold reality gripping me that I was under surveillance. Why? What did they know?

And on Friday came further blows that jolted and shook me up--on Wednesday we had had our usual staff conference and this kept me in the Heart Station till about 9 pm; on Thursday I had worked till only 6:30 so I could spend at least this one last night peacefully with my family--and that is just what it was.

To get back to Friday, we spoke for nine hours that night, till 2 am, during which: I executed page after page of my handwriting and printing; calmly agreed to have motion pictures taken--"Sure, go ahead"; and went over and over the BROTHMAN story. Then about half an hour before we broke up, came the sharp stab of this question by DICK BRENNAN, "Did you ever tell Miriam Moskovitz that you were married to a redheaded woman and had two children?"

"No", I answered.

"But she just yesterday told us you had. Why do you deny it?" I knew why alright, for this was the story I had also told Mrs. HEINEMAN in Cambridge. So I kept desperately trying to veer the conversation away from this deadly reef, protesting that I had never been married and had no children. Then followed pictures: "Do you know him? Do you know him?...Her?...Him?...Ever see this person before?", and among this group appeared Mrs. HEINEMAN and ROBERT HEINEMAN, but both pictures had been taken years ago (HEINEMAN as a student, with an abundance of hair--he is now practically bald) and I knew that these people were not yet under arrest; the photograph of ELIZABETH BENTLEY was the obvious full-faced and profile taken for police files. And then the shock: "Do you know who he is?" The white, staring and somehow expressionless face, with those huge glasses--KLAUS FUCHS!

"This is a very interesting picture--that is the British spy, Dr. EMIL KLAUS FUCHS. It looks almost like a caricature. But I never met him, I've never been in Great Britain". And again the hammering: "Oh, yes you know him. You met him in Cambridge, Massachusetts".

And again the denials, "I've never been there in my life".

Then MILLER and BRENNAN appeared to give up. We were to meet again early Saturday afternoon. And strangely enough I began to feel sorry for them; they had worked so very hard and it now looked as if their efforts would be in vain. Yes, I felt sorry for them, but then I got hold of myself and realized that our separate objectives were mutually exclusive: Their success would mean the end of everything for me.

Strangely enough I had a very similar reaction with Special Agents SHANNON and O'BRIEN back in the late spring of 1947.

And I was still under surveillance. JENSEN insisted on driving me home, and the next morning the thirtyish young fellow in the powder blue suit and the snap brim straw hat who followed me from my home all the way to the back gate of the hospital and then paused in confusion, was not just out for the pleasant spring air; that he was a little mixed up was not his fault, for I entered at a point where the gate leads to not only the hospital, but the medical school and the university clinic as well.

I worked feverishly all morning, trying to keep this appointment, but I could not get away until 6 pm. Once during the morning while I was in the Medical School's Orthopsy Room and where the smell from a dog's cadaver was very strong, I almost passed out. DAN LEWIS remarked, that I had turned green and this was the first time that he had ever known me to have such a reaction. He wanted to know, was I ill? I replied that he could not help me and came very close to breaking down and telling him the whole story right then. But he had just recently been married and was due home that afternoon--I did not want to burden him with such a horrible business.

Several times that afternoon I had to call BRENNAN and delay our meeting; none of the technicians had come in that morning and I was just swamped with work. Eventually I asked JENSEN and SCOTT MILLER into the Lab., and while JOHN URBACH and I finished the necessary work they stood around. This work concerned a patient, A.H., a severely ill man whom the Heart Station was treating.

We only spent a half hour or so at the Widener Building (MILLER and BRENNAN were as exhausted as I after

Friday's session) during which I agreed to help "settle the matter" by voluntarily consenting to a search of my home on Monday morning.

I insisted on this time because my father and brother still had no knowledge of what I had done over so many years, nor did they have any idea as to what was going on now.

But talk on Sunday, "Sure"! So I worked Sunday morning and early afternoon at the hospital, and in between times went to see "Dr. DIZ" COHEN and our experimental dog, the one on whom a gastrectomy (tie off of the intestines) had been performed; and I collected my specimens and set up containers for the new ones. DIZ had been sleeping in the Lab., with the animal for the past two days, and would stay with it until its expiration, when would this be? Maybe by 8 tonight, or possibly much later. I would return at 8. And back at P.O.H. I helped SMITTY, the surgeon, locate some data in our laboratory records, data in which he was particularly interested.

Curiously, for the first time that week, while I was hunting through our records, I calmed down.

Then out again to the fifth floor of the Widener Building, where for four hours until seven pm, I desperately parried each of the probing questions. One more hazard--I could not afford to let the name of TOM BLACK come in; he was too vulnerable. Nor could I mention any of my many loans from friends and from the Corn Exchange Bank. I was literally walking on eggs.

But somehow again, as it seemed that MILLER and BRENNAN began to droop with defeat I started to feel sorry for them all over--they had given it such a good try.

Yes, I was almost in the clear, but, instead of going home and frenziedly cleaning out all of that terrible incriminating evidence, which I knew was there (though even I had no idea as to the extent of the material), I went back to the medical school to see DIZ COHEN and the dog--JENSEN drove me. But DIZ had left, and I had a terrible time getting in; finally a Dr. COE and I succeeded in seeking out the guard. The Lab. was locked, but the dog was still alive and after some difficulty, I managed to get a message to Dr. COHEN at the graduate hospital.

I got home about nine and DIL called at ten thirty. "Relax", he said, "You won't have to come back now. The dog will last till tomorrow"--and I knew that DAN LEWIS and DOTTY BELL could take care of matters on Monday.

Again, I actually did not begin my search for damaging bits of evidence until five a.m. on Monday--because I felt that any such undue activity on my part would only alarm Pep and YUS. On top of that, I had a dully fatalistic and apathetic approach toward the impending search; what would be, would happen, and that was all. Possibly it was the sheer and utter exhaustion of that week which produced this reaction in me. But when I started to look, in the depressing grayness of the early morning, I was horrified: Good Lord! Here was a letter from SLACK, dated February, 1945; a stub of a plane ticket from Albuquerque to Kansas City; a rough draft of a report of a visit to Cambridge, Massachusetts; a street map of Dayton, Ohio; a card containing instructions from SAM relating to a procedure for approaching BEN SMILG: All this was here and more--and I tore it all up and flushed it down the toilet. Yes, I had taken care of everything. Then Pep and YUS left for work and I stayed behind, after telling them that I had a report

to complete that morning before I went into the hospital.

Now came the doorbell, and I, still in the pajamas I always wore around the house, welcomed DICK and SCOTT.

We started in my room and the F.B.I. indicated that this was all they were interested in--they could hardly wait to get upstairs. At first all went well, very well; there was a lot of stuff, but it was all school notes and Lab. notes and chemical literature references, and my books were all volumes of mathematics and physics and chemistry; then there were some two hundred "pocket book" editions of mystery stories. Then it began. First a copy of PAUL DE KRUIF'S "Microbe Hunters" in a pocket book edition turned up; and in the lower right-hand corner of the inside cover was a tiny tag, "Sibley Curr & Lindsay".

"What is this?" said DICK. "Oh, I don't know" I replied. "I must have picked it up on a used book counter somewhere. Lord knows where they get them, " But I did know; the tag bore the name of a Rochester department store and I had purchased the book during a visit to see AL SLACK,

Then SCOTT found a Pennsylvania Train Schedule: Washington-Philadelphia-New York-Boston-Montreal; and it was dated 1945. "How about this?" "Goodness knows, I probably got it when I went to New York to see Brothman". Once again, actually I had used this on one of my trips to see Mrs. HEINEMAN in late 1945.

Bad, I thought about these, but not too bad. Not conclusive. I was in the clear.

Then came the blow. From behind my bulky copy of Walker, Lewis and Mc Adams "Principles of Chemical Engineering", DICK pulled a sickeningly familiar street map of Santa Fe. Oh, God! This I had overlooked. I knew that it existed, but in my hasty scrutiny that morning could not find it and so assumed that at some previous time it had been destroyed.

"How about it, Harry", said DICK. "Give me a minute", I said, as I sank down on the chair in front of my desk which SCOTT had just vacated. I accepted a cigarette from DICK and then, after a few moments, said these words: "Yes, I am the man to whom KLAUS FUCHS gave the information on atomic energy".

Now to go back a little. Why, for this whole week did I fight as I did, knowing that inevitably--a month, or six months, or a year, once these men were on the trail, I would be run to earth. Why did I not spare myself this ordeal. The reasons were two, and very simple ones:

I was fighting for time. First I was trying to salvage a few more precious hours with my Pop and YUS, hours in which they would still remain in ignorance of what I had done. And on the preceding Thursday night and on Saturday and Sunday I savored these to the full, as few as these moments were. I could still recall Saturday and YUS going out to get the Sunday "Bulletin", and the good supper that he had ready for me. Then Sunday night, after nine o'clock with Pop sitting in his usual place near the TV set and I stretched out exhausted on the sofa; we were watching DAVE GARROWAY. The battle was not in vain here, for in this I gained a victory.

Second I wanted time to complete as much of the work at the Heart Station as possible. This accounted for my working late on Tuesday, and Wednesday and Saturday, and the extra time put in on Sunday. Even while MILLER and BRENNAN were searching, I excused myself and called DOTTY BELL at the Lab. and later that morning, just before we

left for downtown, I again called and said that I would "Definitely not be in today". And again on Tuesday morning I called the Lab. My first request at Holmsburg (and even before that, at Moyamensing) on Wednesday, was to be allowed to communicate with the Heart Station regarding our unfinished work.

Now, to return to Monday morning, May 22 in my room. In that minute following the discovery of the map, I thought of many things. Yes, even this, as circumstantial as it was, was not too damning. I could say that because of my interest in the Southwest and in the books of J. FRANK DOBIE, I had written to the Great Historical Museum in Santa Fe and had obtained this literature--actually I had picked the map up there in person, in June of 1945 on the occasion of my first trip to see FUCHS; I had needed the map so that I would not have to ask directions as to the Castillo Street Bridge over the Rio Santa Fe. Certainly a museum of this nature receives countless requests, and doubtless no record is kept of such a routine matter as a letter asking for a map; and these maps had been piled on a desk by the hundreds. Good. But yet the discovery of this map in my home would be sufficient to cause my arrest. What then? Denials of guilt.

And Pep and YUS would rally to my defense. Then, automatically, guilt was fastened on my brother. And most assuredly, as innocent as he was, he would lose his job, merely for his espousal of me. And the friends who would come to my defense: Dr. MC MILLAN and Dr. B and the residents, and AL SELAN and all of the other boys from South Philadelphia--how horrible would be the let-down and disillusionment when, little by little, the damaging bits of evidence would be dug up and finally presented in court--showing once and for all that I was guilty. My decision was actually instantaneous--I did not need the full minute--I spent about half of it with the bitter thought of how I might break the news to YUS and Pep.

This problem was settled by the suggestion of Agents MILLER and BRENNAN that I could place myself into voluntary custody. They also told me that before I did anything I had the right to get in touch with an attorney and seek legal counsel. As a matter of fact these men had impressed this thought upon me from the very first time they began to speak to me a week previous. And on both occasions, a week ago and on this Monday morning, I refused. My reason for doing so all through the week had been that I hoped to better maintain the pretense of innocence

by not seeking legal counsel; it had appeared to my muddled mind that only the guilty ran to an attorney immediately upon being questioned.

Upon going into voluntary custody, however, my motive in not seeking counsel was somewhat different. A tremendous feeling of shame and disgust had come upon me at this time, and I had one predominant thought; to stand up before the Judge, admit my guilt with respect to FUCHS, and accept my punishment. I did not see what earthly good an attorney could do under such circumstances.

Thus I went into voluntary custody; as we rode downtown I mulled over what seemed then to be the one logical course. I would confess fully to having been a Soviet agent for eleven years, but would only disclose my activities where they involved KLAUS FUCHS and myself--the others I would cover up. I could not turn "rat" and "squealer". This sounds as confused as it is--as confused as my mind was at this time. I should explain that one of my strongest boyhood beliefs, and one that held the fullest sway throughout the 2600 block of South Phillip Street (and in all that area of South Philadelphia) was the concept that one never took difficulties to the authorities or police. To us, who had

watched them take bribe money from bootleggers, they were brutally corrupt hoodlums, sadists, who cruelly beat prisoners in cells, persons who always had a hand outstretched for graft, and any difficulties of opinion were far better settled among ourselves. Neighborhood no-goods, who had no ability became cops--on payment of \$1500 to the local politicians. The squealer who went to them was looked on with the bitterest possible venom and hatred.

One really had to live where I did to fully realize the extent of this feeling. And so I grew up; and distorted as this idea was, I could never read the paper of a man turning State's evidence to save his own hide, without experiencing a shudder of revulsion. So, not I. HARRY GOLD was guilty and he was willing to accept his punishment--but he would not inform! Not he.

And yet I knew all along, particularly from having lived so long in South Philadelphia, that the police were a very necessary agency indeed. Things would be in a very sorry state of affairs should these human wolves, the racketeers and hoodlums, be permitted to run free. And I knew that for every corrupt cop there were a hundred who were decent, kindly, family men--just guys with a job to do.

So I went downtown and told the full story of my relationship with KLAUS FUCHS in every detail (even this took four or five hours). But I covered up SLACK and BLACK and BROTHMAN and the story of EMILG--DAVID GREENGLASS I had actually completely forgotten about.

Then that evening YUS came to visit me. I was permitted to call him at 5:30 p.m. and he said, "Nu, when are you leaving work?" I said, "YUS, I'm down with the F.B.I. in the Widener Building and I'm in serious trouble. Don't tell Pop, but a car will pick you up at 7 p.m. and bring you here. We'll talk then." Thus at 7:45 p.m. that night I told my brother, "YUS, it was I who worked with KLAUS FUCHS, you know, the Englishman when he was here in America." And YUS' face went blank white with the shock even through his normally dark complexion. Beth DICK ARKMAN and BOB JENSEN moved toward him because they thought he was going to faint. And as YUS burst out, "How could you have been such a jerk!"; and later, still hopeful, "Look, HARRY, maybe its all a mistake and you're taking the blame for someone else--you couldn't have done this." And I had to assure him that I had committed this crime beyond a possible doubt. And as I looked at the stunned and still

not fully comprehending face of my brother, half of the mountainous mental barrier, which I had erected against informing, went crashing down.

So, late that evening I identified SEMENOV, tentatively, YAKOVLEV (the photo was so poor, it was taken in the shadow of a newsstand, that I was not fully certain). Then the following night Pop was brought to see me, and when he cried, "My son, what have you done", down went another section of the mountain.

That night as I was getting ready to disclose my recent contacts with SARITCHEV, there came the order for my arrest. And in the ensuing turmoil and the hearing before Judge Mc GRANERY, all was swept away. I could think of only two things: My family, and that horribly wrong statement in the complaint: "With intent to harm and injure the United States"--No, not this! This was not so. It was not true. And in the seething maelstrom that was my mind all thoughts of my arrangements for a rendezvous with SARITCHEV, and all memory of this man, was swept away.

As I was committed to Moyamensing Prison that night I thought to myself, as the Sergeant struggled to spell "Espionage", it was a word strange to him, and a thing he

would never do. Why had I done it?

And when I was transferred to Helmesburg the next day, and later, on Thursday, when I saw Pop and YUS, and they told me they would mortgage the house and would use all of their savings to get legal aid for me, my course became clear. (It was on that day that I voluntarily resumed my talks with the F.B.I.--even as I sat there in Judge Mc Granery's Chambers on Tuesday night. I knew that I would eventually tell everything). I had done enough to Pop and YUS. I could not complete the job by wiping out the precious home, which Mom had so enjoyed, and which was now so dear to Pop and YUS. So I asked to see Judge Mc Granery.

Several days later I was taken downtown. When I saw the Judge I told him that because of my family's desire I now wished to request counsel, but that my own resources were few--\$165 in the Philadelphia Savings Front Society and a few hundred dollars in bonds--plus some four thousand dollars owed me by BROTHMAN, but which I did not believe could ever be collected. And I most fervently did not wish to use my family's savings. But I added that I must stipulate three conditions regarding counsel:

- 1 - The man appointed must permit me to continue to tell the whole story to the F.B.I.
- 2 - He must be a man of irreproachable patriotism and without the slightest taint of "pink" or "left-wing" sympathies. Also there must be no circus or show made at my trial.
- 3 - He must agree to let me plead guilty-- because I was. All I wanted him to do was to establish whatever bases there were for mitigating the severity of my crime; in other words I wanted the matter handled on strictly legal grounds.

And as I leaned forward looking into the Judge's face, and as I spoke, I knew all along that in the matter of a very short time I would tell all. It was inevitable.

And so Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. BALLARD became my attorneys. Again, as I spoke to them that day in the Judge's Chambers, down went the remainder of the mountain; in that very room I told SCOTT or SLACK and GREENGLASS and BLACK,

(Actually I had forgotten GREENGLASS' name, but I had remembered everything else about my meeting with him). I had even prepared the ground regarding AL--I had given an accurate physical description of him and had placed him in the Rochester-Buffalo area--all that was needed was to supply his name.

GREENGLASS, I had met only twice, on one single day in June of 1945 in Albuquerque, once for fifteen minutes in the morning and then for five minutes that same Sunday afternoon. And I had forgotten his name completely, but I had remembered many things: The fact of the shock at discovering that he was a C.I.; that his wife had just the previous April joined him in Albuquerque; the location of his apartment in Albuquerque; the fact that he was either a Mechanic and Electrician or a Physicist's helper at Los Alamos, in the order of probability; that he had a small salami and pumpernickel bread sent to him every week from New York; the \$500 that I had given him; (It was later shown that the day after my visit he had deposited \$400 of this sum in an Albuquerque bank); the appearance of the home in which his apartment was located, and a description of the street, plus an accurate physical description of DAVE and his wife; plus a fragment of conversation concerning a

brother-in-law "JULIUS".

And so in two weeks a positive identification was made. I shall brag here, for I am proud of having contributed to an outstanding bit of police work:

On the night that I made the final identification at Holmsburg, shortly thereafter, in New York, six F.B.I. men entered his apartment to arrest him; one of these men later told me, "Even though DAVE had gained 65 pounds and was five years older and far more mature in appearance, as we entered the room four lines of the verbal description furnished by you leaped to my mind, and I knew beyond any particle of doubt that this was the man".

And before my first meeting at Holmsburg with Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. BALLARD, I exposed the rest: BEN SMILG, and ABE BROTHMAN, and MIRIAM MOSKOWITZ, and VERA KANE, and FRED HELLER, and the meeting with the Soviet Agent SARYTCHEV, when he came to my home in September, 1949. To repeat, all of the major disclosures were made before my conference with my attorneys.

But a few rocky crags of the original mountain were left standing--a few shreds of evidence, and most of them concerned me. The principal part had to do with the

fact that, contrary to the statement that I had not accepted a penny of expenses, I had actually received from the Soviets at least half or possibly sixty percent of the money needed for my trips. The rest concerned the fact that, in my earlier efforts to protect SLACK, I had placed a Soviet Agent, one JOSEPH KATZ, in the wrong chronological spot, even though I had described his physical appearance with the greatest accuracy. So completely that a later identification by me has been verified, and verified by others than myself. The final item concerns the concealment of the fact that there had been two subsequent meetings with the Soviet Agent BARYTOREV in New York--in the fall of 1949; plus the fact that I had kept two scheduled but fruitless rendezvous in Jackson Heights. The first when I was worried over what the Soviet Agent knew, what it was that had made him hint that I might have to leave this country; and the second when in utter panic, on the Sunday following FUCHS arrest, I had gone to Jackson Heights to ascertain what had occurred in England. It was on this second trip to Jackson Heights, on the first Sunday in February of 1950, that I was scrutinized by a man with glasses and a cigar; this man I later recognized from his

newspaper photograph as JULIUS ROSENBERG; again I recognized JULIUS ROSENBERG in the courtroom in New York when I was testifying during the ROSENBERG-BREKIDGLASS-SOBELL Trial.

This was also incredibly stupid. These were minor points and I had made for more damaging disclosures without a single moment of hesitation, disclosures which had insured that my punishment would be most severe. Why had I then held back these relatively small things? And it was such a terribly shameful and depraved thing to do, particularly in view of the fact that I had tried to behave with a measure of dignity throughout all this, as a man should. But to say that I am ashamed is not enough, there were reasons, cogent ones:

- 1 - Everything that I had done for the past fifteen years (all of my adult life) was based on falsehood and deception. As I have said before, every time that I went on a mission to New York I must have lied to at least five or six people--so possibly to expect an instantaneous change to complete truthfulness, literally overnight, was too much.

2 - As a result I have had to rigidly condition myself to tell the truth--a total reversal of all that has gone before my arrest.

3 - Above all, I have a horrible sense of shame and disgust, which I can never ever lose; concerning my deeds, and this, in turn, made me cling desperately to those few bits of evidence which might make it appear that I was not so completely and totally the despicable character which I really am.

4 - I am not a confirmed liar, far from it--it was just that sufficient time had to be allowed for me to fight this battle in my cell at Holmesburg Prison, the battle to tell every last particle of truth. And I wish to emphasize here that these admissions, with one exception (when I was shown my account at the Real Estate Trust in Philadelphia) and then disclosed that many of those sums were given to me by the Soviets as partial expenses in connection with my trips to see FUCHS. I

repeat, all of the major facts and revelations were disclosed within about the three weeks following my arrest and, in the overall picture, it matters so very little whether I received part of my expenses from the very beginning in 1935 or whether payments started in 1944.

5 - I remember too, that all of this time I was under a severe mental tension, a constant worrying about the possible effect of all this upon my friends and my family--a fine time. I will admit to become concerned about such a matter.

6 - The most peculiar that I, always too scrupulous and accurate and correct in my scientific work, could be able to lie so devilishly and capably throughout fifteen years.

7 - Finally, it must be borne in mind that after the period of the first two or three weeks of furnishing information, during which all of the principal facts were disclosed, the next

five or so weeks were taken up exclusively with going through, in the most painstaking detail, the terrific quantity of material found in my "Fibber McGee's Closet". And this arduous task kept me from thinking too much about the few items I had withheld. One last note should be made:

From the first I began to feel a genuine liking for MILLER and BRENNAN; and as the weeks passed and I continued to talk to them this feeling increased, and I discovered that there was present in me a tremendous urge directed toward earning their respect. And these things which I have covered up I kept delaying telling about them for the rather curious reason that I felt I would lose some of the respect which I felt they were beginning to evidence toward me. And I most heartily wished that I had not concealed these things. Very much the same thing took place in respect to Mr. HAMILTON and Mr. BALLARD.

But now the mountain has been leveled, leveled and no single bump or crag remains; all, every bit of evidence has been given. And I am calm and my mind is at peace for the first time in a decade and a half. These are not idle words--for my blood pressure, which had steadily stayed at an average of 190/110 and sometimes going as high as 205/125 is now an amazingly normal 140/80, and this is not due to my loss of weight, because several times in the past I had dropped as much as 60 or 65 pounds with no drop whatever in the diastolic or systolic readings. Nor was it due to the regular hours, for at least twice before I had spent periods of three months in which I had not worked and had just lazed around the house. These are facts of medical record.

Now, only one matter remains--the future. I do have hopes for it, and I do not believe that this is just my ever present sense of optimism asserting itself. This should be marked well: As surely as I know there is a God who rules over our destinies, so am I certain that, sometime in the future, I shall be able to make far greater amends than I have done to date. And this restitution will not consist in informing and giving evidence to the F.B.I.--that is mostly

over with and is in the past--but in obtaining an opportunity to work again in the field of medical research. To work and do things so that the sick and ailing of this world can again have hope and be enabled to live normal, healthy lives. This is not just idle talk. I have said that prison is a great place in which to order one's thoughts, and to think clearly and logically, and from now on all of my mind and efforts shall be directed toward this goal. And when I am released I shall work as I have never done before. And it is not public recognition that I desire, just the opportunity to put all of my head and hand and ability to the service of the desperately ill. Surely the Lord will grant me this boon.

I fully realize that, by my deeds in the past, I have forfeited for the time being all of my rights normally given to free men. I know this all too well and ever more than this, I am aware of the hard fact that, before anything else can transpire, I must be punished, and punished well, for the terribly frightening things I have done. I am ready to accept this penalty. There shall be no quivering, trembling for further pleas for mercy. What was, was, and now I am prepared to pay the price.

Two final points, both concerning a matter of personal pride: My brother and my attorneys and I, determined from the very first not to seek any lessening of my punishment by attempting to make a bid for sympathy because of my father's age. As I have noted before, the time to have thought of him is fully fifteen years ago. Further, both Mr. HAMILTON and I are extremely proud of the fact that at no time have we ever given the Government authorities the slightest indication that we wished a "deal"--nor have any of the Government agencies ever indicated to us that they would be amenable to such an offer. Both Mr. HAMILTON and I have agreed that this is the code under which we wished to conduct the whole matter.

This has been a personal document and every effort has been made to make it a completely frank one. And, in the course of the narration, some statements may have been made which may offend the sensibilities of those who read it. I wish to assure any such that to give affront was not my intent.

As voluminous as this report is, it is by no means as complete as might have been wished, due partly to the lack of time, and partly to the sake of brevity.

Also, as might be surmised, in order to set down the complete story, two additional sections should be included. The first is a corollary phase, the ante-dating one concerning my early life--this would cover the years from 1904 (the date of Pop's arrival in Switzerland) to 1928 (when I graduated from high school); the second has to do with the details of evidence already told to the F.B.I., but in a coordinated, chronological story.

Date Received 7/13/57
from N.Y. Office
(Name of Contributor)

By Jensen
To Be Returned Yes ()
No (X)

Description: Handwritten reports by Harry Gold
see serial 1015

File No. 4387-1-B-15 (5)
65-70

H/ 100-37158-1B ⁵³⁹
R

The Circumstances Surrounding my
Work as a Soviet Agent -
a Report

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- Notes p. 105 ok.
- Notes p. 109 ok.
- Notes p. 110 ok.
- Notes p. 111 ok.
- Notes p. 112 ok.
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- Notes p. 198 ok.
- Notes p. 199 ok.
- Notes p. 200 ok.

The girl is a ~~very~~ ^{very} beautiful one
of the first ~~kind~~ ^{kind} but this is really
the most delicate ~~one~~ ^{one} I have seen
since I came to the ~~place~~ ^{place} as an
interned & collectivist

This report is an amplification, I believe, of a very ~~reaching~~ ^{reaching} one, on the ~~text~~ ^{text} ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~document~~ ^{document} and ~~intended~~ ^{intended} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~July 20, 1950.~~ ^{July 20, 1950.} There is ~~documented~~ ^{documented} ~~here~~ ^{here} a particular ~~view~~ ^{view} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~view~~ ^{view} ~~document,~~ ^{document,} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~matter~~ ^{matter} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~how~~ ^{how} ~~I~~ ^I ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~came~~ ^{came} ~~a~~ ^a ~~series~~ ^{series} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~sixteen~~ ^{sixteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~seventeen~~ ^{seventeen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~eighteen~~ ^{eighteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~nineteen~~ ^{nineteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty~~ ^{twenty} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-one~~ ^{twenty-one} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-two~~ ^{twenty-two} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-three~~ ^{twenty-three} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-four~~ ^{twenty-four} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-five~~ ^{twenty-five} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-six~~ ^{twenty-six} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-seven~~ ^{twenty-seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-eight~~ ^{twenty-eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~twenty-nine~~ ^{twenty-nine} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty~~ ^{thirty} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-one~~ ^{thirty-one} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-two~~ ^{thirty-two} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-three~~ ^{thirty-three} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-four~~ ^{thirty-four} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-five~~ ^{thirty-five} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-six~~ ^{thirty-six} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-seven~~ ^{thirty-seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-eight~~ ^{thirty-eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~thirty-nine~~ ^{thirty-nine} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty~~ ^{forty} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-one~~ ^{forty-one} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-two~~ ^{forty-two} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-three~~ ^{forty-three} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-four~~ ^{forty-four} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-five~~ ^{forty-five} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-six~~ ^{forty-six} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-seven~~ ^{forty-seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-eight~~ ^{forty-eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~forty-nine~~ ^{forty-nine} ~~or~~ 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^{or} ~~ninety-seven~~ ^{ninety-seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~ninety-eight~~ ^{ninety-eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred~~ ^{one hundred} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and one~~ ^{one hundred and one} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and two~~ ^{one hundred and two} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and three~~ ^{one hundred and three} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and four~~ ^{one hundred and four} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and five~~ ^{one hundred and five} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and six~~ ^{one hundred and six} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and seven~~ ^{one hundred and seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and eight~~ ^{one hundred and eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and nine~~ ^{one hundred and nine} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and ten~~ ^{one hundred and ten} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and eleven~~ ^{one hundred and eleven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twelve~~ ^{one hundred and twelve} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and thirteen~~ ^{one hundred and thirteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and fourteen~~ ^{one hundred and fourteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and fifteen~~ ^{one hundred and fifteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and sixteen~~ ^{one hundred and sixteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and seventeen~~ ^{one hundred and seventeen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and eighteen~~ ^{one hundred and eighteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and nineteen~~ ^{one hundred and nineteen} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty~~ ^{one hundred and twenty} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-one~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-one} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-two~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-two} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-three~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-three} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-four~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-four} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-five~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-five} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-six~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-six} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-seven~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-seven} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-eight~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-eight} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and twenty-nine~~ ^{one hundred and twenty-nine} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and thirty~~ ^{one hundred and thirty} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~one hundred and thirty~~

1. Early background material, that is, events that led to my being in a position to work for the S. U. The years are 1920 to 1935.
2. The circumstances & activities that ^{led me} to work with Paul Smith & the other agents, the years is 1935.
3. My attitude ~~in~~ ^{during} the period of my activity, ~~from 1935 to 1945~~ ^{from 1935 to 1945}.
4. ~~My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945~~ ^{My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945}.
5. ~~My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945~~ ^{My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945}.
6. My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945.
7. My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945.
8. My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945.
9. My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945.
10. My attitude in the period of my activity, from 1935 to 1945.

I added down all of the above ^{to} the
we extremely ~~vital~~ vital & not quite a measure
of metal has been noted before. ^{and} ~~not~~ ~~distinctly~~
I might too ~~perhaps~~ have the fact that now
H this new trend is continued ~~on~~ established,
the ~~operation~~ ~~tended~~ & is alone ~~ful~~, as

3. my attitude ~~_____~~

~~and my family~~ ^{after the war} ~~were in the United States during the period of 1935 to 1945.~~

10th District, in the period after cessation
of activity for the fall. The year was 1946
for 1947.

for 1957. My relationships with the various donors & assist-
ants including Senator Wm. Cannon, Thomas
L. Blanton & Henry Fuchs.

D. The basic efforts involved in the work of the Bureau are:

~~a basic duty of police is to~~

4. Family, my attitude ~~not~~ ~~was~~ during 3 months

a. just prior to mid direct

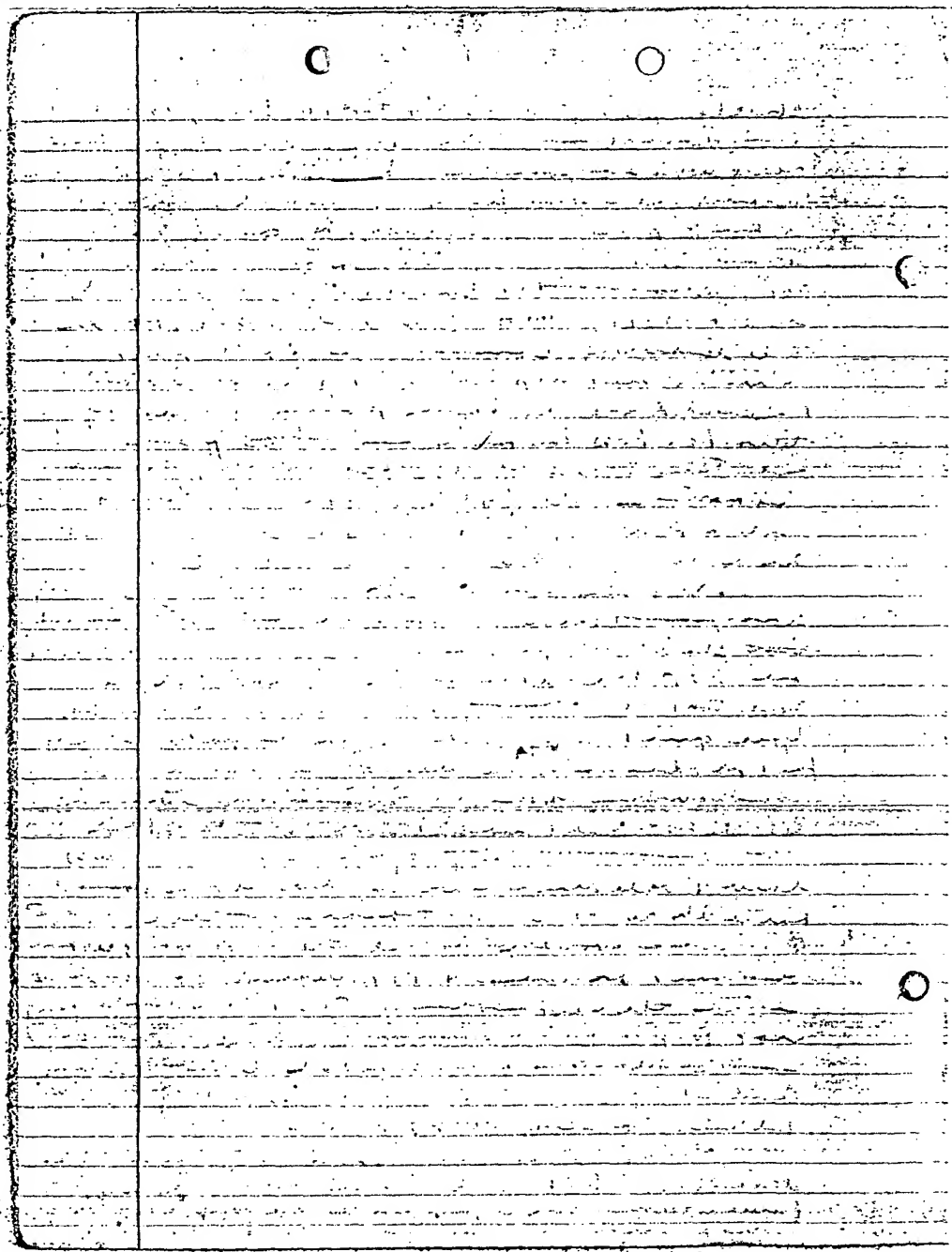
n: During the ~~past~~^{last} 7 vol. can be

C: after the report of attorney

T he will be a ~~little~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~overlapping~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~really~~ ~~this~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~deliberately~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~ ~~and~~ ~~is~~ ~~desired~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~introduction~~ ~~of~~ ~~current~~ ~~remit~~.

- ① To reveal ^{from} this deals with two main points
- a - Why I became a Soviet Agent
 - b - Why once I had become an S.A. agent
and I continued to work with the KGB

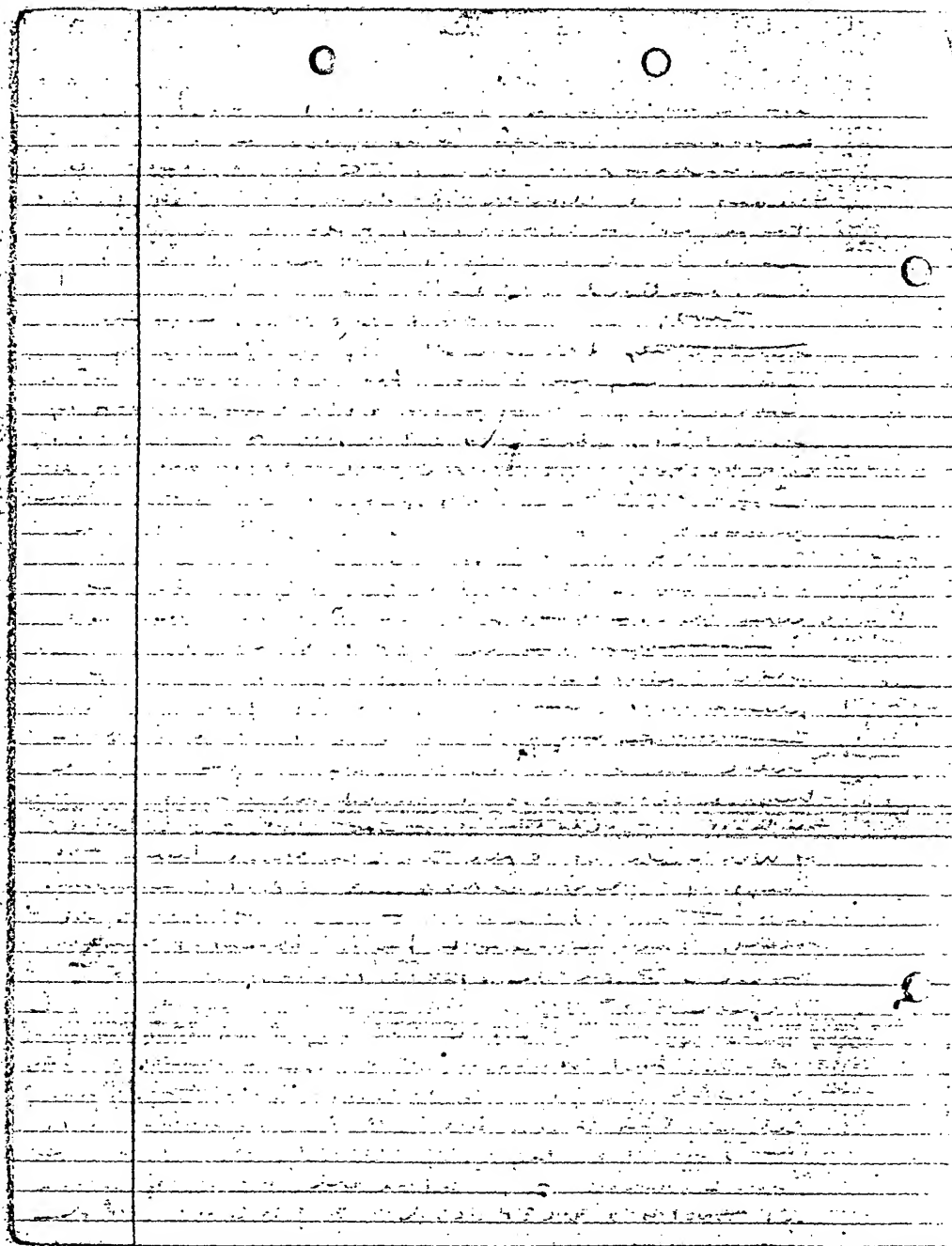
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many other such incidents could be described, but the pattern was there. (including several fights with the boys at the West Carroll School in which I was involved)



7th Nov

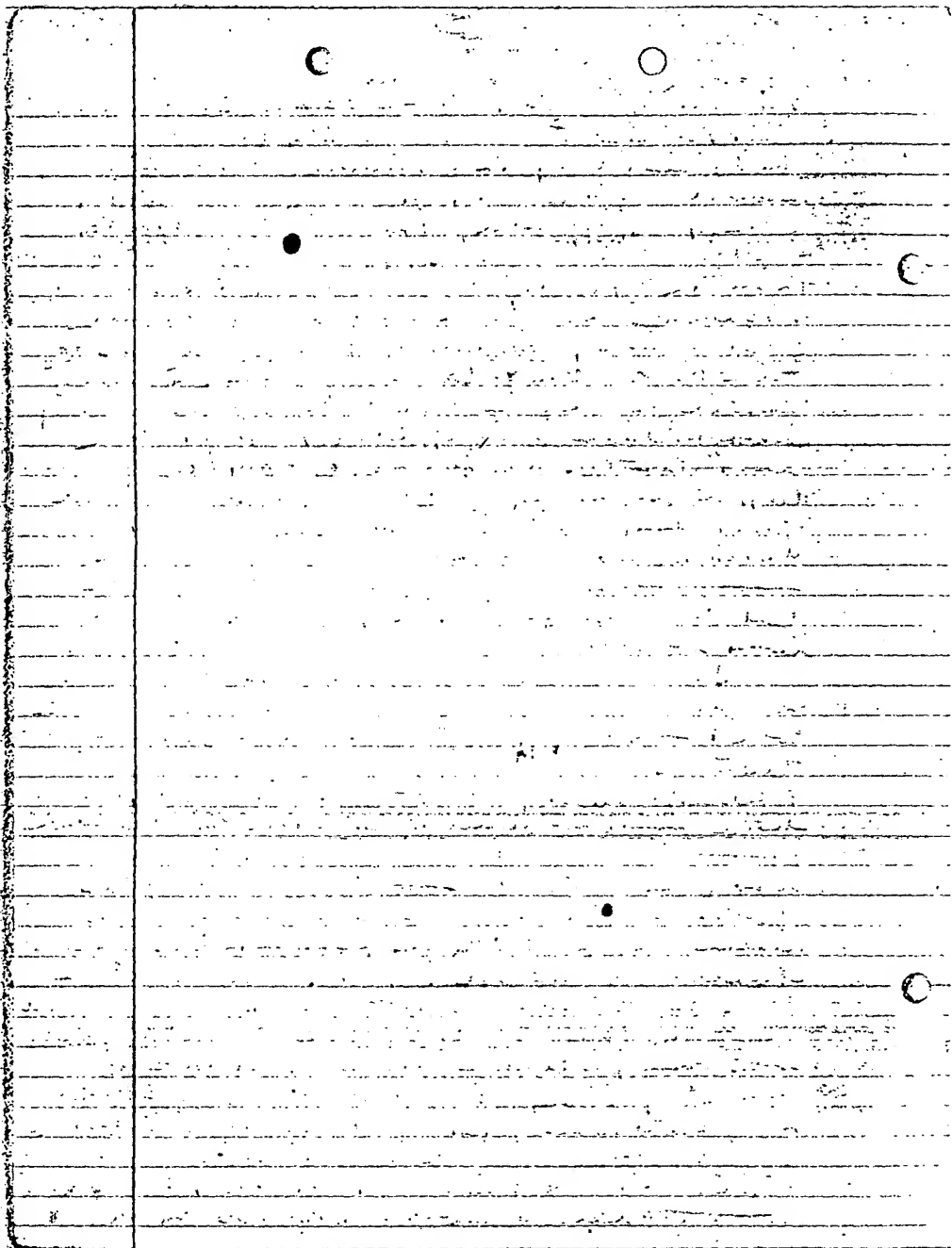
Two; my belief in socialism. Starting
~~from~~ I am well clearly at the early
twenties my mother's familiarity with the
character of Capital & his ~~attitudes~~^{opinions} of
socialist principles. The first Party Council,
I remember, was during these years along on
~~the edge of~~ the theory of Social Cooperation.
In my late high school years & through
till 1908 I became a great admirer
of Norman Thomas & thought him as
my greatest model. Socialism or
Communism was just a word for a
wild dream ^{or wish} ~~for a~~ ^{giving me} ~~but~~
practical Southwards of miles away
~~distant~~ way of the house! High school
were also socialist in principle. We were
taught a dream which called for no other need
to have no relations with the actualities
of world politics so practiced in fact during the
days of the war required. But Communism
was ~~then~~ I am still clearly devoted to the
idea of action with joy of almost total
sacrifice on the spot public work as such
rather than ~~the~~ during an early evening full
evening in 1908 & having that Party
Council had been a Communist & was
actually engaged in making speeches on
circulating literature "A Communist!"
— I was terrified! Well, don't let us
be "paid" by, "after all, it is better
is that a great deal. And it is a hard

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parish charity. At this time it was the
 custom for the various neighborhood centers
 to give baskets of food at Thanksgiving
 & Christmas to all the needy who applied.
 And ~~not only~~ ~~it was the~~
 custom among families to go & collect
 as many of these baskets as they could get,
 whether they needed it or not. — After
 all, "It's free, so why not take it?"
 It was because ~~it was~~ ~~all this~~
~~and~~ ~~university~~ ~~said to me once~~
 "Why don't you go along with ~~some~~
 Mary & Louise & the girls & get a basket,
 Harry?" When I did ~~myself~~
 up in the full rich ~~of~~ ~~leanness~~ of my ~~body~~
 years & ~~with~~, with the blunt charity
 which only a child is capable of, said,
 "my mother says that in our family we
 do not take charity," ~~was~~ ~~because~~
~~although~~ ~~deeply~~ ~~but~~ ~~naturally~~ ~~told~~
~~me~~ ~~about~~ ~~this~~ & I got ~~roundly~~ ~~averted~~
~~so~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~offer~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~in~~
 the future.

Also this I was quite frail in the ~~fall~~
 during my ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~high~~ ~~school~~
 days, ~~at~~ ~~particular~~ ~~the~~ ~~frail~~ ~~period~~.
 At this time it was the practice of the
 public schools to send the ~~most~~ ~~ailing~~
 & undernourished children for a few days
 during at the summer camp, ~~or~~ ~~rather~~
 by the ~~charity~~ ~~army~~ ~~of~~ ~~two~~ ~~units~~ ~~of~~ ~~PA~~.
 at ~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~PA~~ (some 10 miles NW
 of Phila). My ~~name~~ ~~was~~ ~~put~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~list~~
 but when I told ~~me~~ ~~about~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
~~denied~~ ~~—~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~charity~~. ~~Finally~~
~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~told~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~summer~~
 school & ~~with~~ ~~me~~. ~~Finally~~ ~~the~~
 teacher told a ~~little~~ ~~lie~~ & said that this

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4. I was bundled on a Greyhound bus to
 Ft. I arrived there at about 1 AM & finally
 found my way through the snow to the
 cabin on a deck of planks. ^{with} The men were
 for me down there. We ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} at a ~~the~~
 p. stored up

C. and D:
 I am troubled
 and distressed
 with a terrible
 headache
 I am sure for
 a fortnight
 go back to my
 work I will
 not return to
 bed

[illegible]

C

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① they were ~~intimidated~~ ~~and~~ ~~never~~ ~~wound~~ ~~up~~
before 4 AM.

[illegible]

reunited
reunited

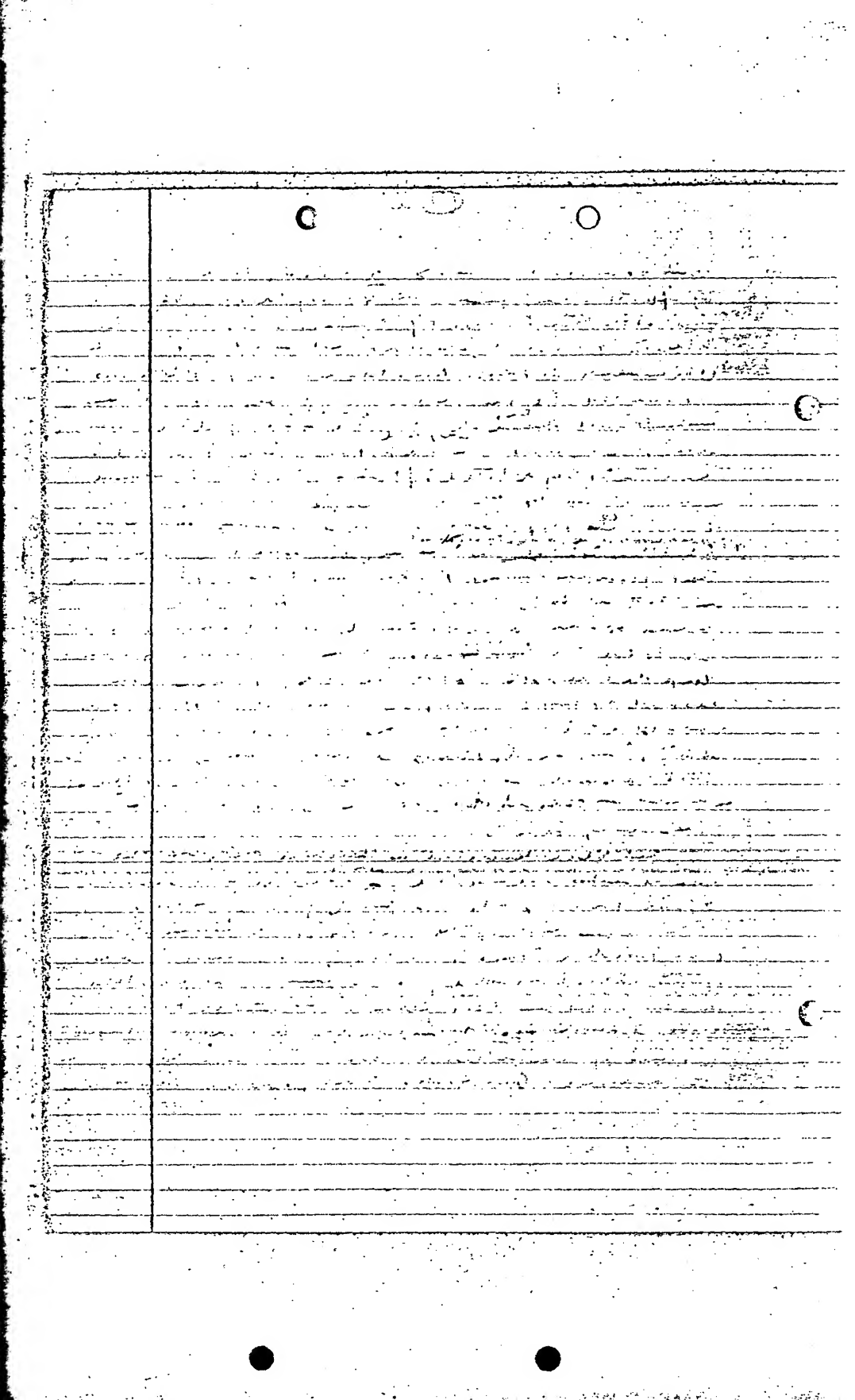
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Fred Heller had come over from Philadelphia & had picked up Tom Black & Gene Segalman in Newark & we in Jersey City. We were going to Vera's, they said, and we did to an all night party in Summit Village at Vera's on 9th. She was a woman of about 30, ^{the} was divorced from her husband, ^{all} had a 7-year-old son ~~was~~ ^{born} ~~born~~ ^{born} in New York City, N.Y. in ^(Philadelphia) ~~was~~ an attorney & worked in Wall St for the firm of Fragile, Seale, and Fiddler. Apparently Tom & Gene & Fred had known her for a long time, ^{but} ^{apparently} she was of medium build, ^{with} ^{dark} ^{black} hair, a attractive smile (almost a grin), a pleasant & ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~like~~ ^{like} to Tom & Fred in particular as she behaved more to as a mother than to these boisterous sportsmen of the random life. ^I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~going~~ ^{going} to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~her~~ ^{her} but this was no way. We sat out around the hydrographic & optical & dark ^{room} ~~room~~ of the neighborhood & ~~talked~~ ^{talked} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way}, we talked. Vera read some incredibly funny stories from the New Yorker by Thurber & some rather good ones from the New Yorker (the literary journal of the C.P.) & we talked. Somehow an argument started on the subject of how superior was the Soviet way (mother, lack of) family life and if it were that of the decided U.S. To me this was the worst sort of thing & I utterly deplored the concept of the happy & closely knit group of the parents & children, I was particularly articulate because there was an added incident of that day returning to my home in Philadelphia. Even the Soviet Union admitted, as we well

the end

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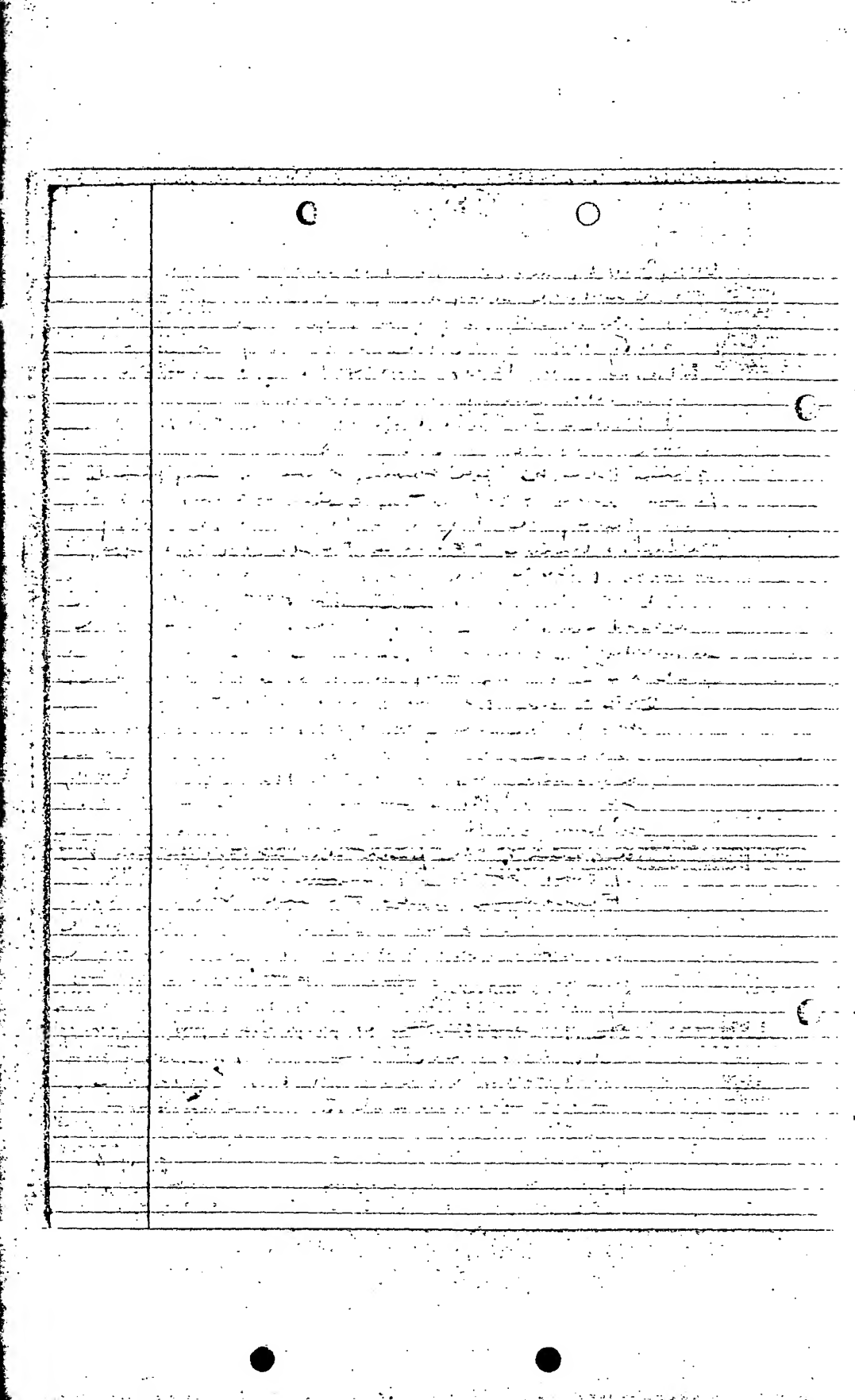
~~1~~

(7) When I asked why these women would not
be purchased openly I was told they could not
at first been attempted but ^{James had said} the price would
~~always~~ set as high as the ^{price} to obtain by the
anasthetists who turned to S. U. - & that
the would simply refuse to deal with
any of; and there was a third factor
that concerning the fact that often the
info furnished to process data was deliberately
false & inaccurate until the deliberate
action of robots etc., a fourth matter ^{was}
needed to point up the fact that they may
have no purchasing power could be used
for other purposes for the benefit of the whole of
the S. U.

[illegible]

to work; the circumstances & manner that influenced my coming to the decision to work with Paul Smith; possibly the word "influenced" should be replaced by that of "impelled", for ~~from~~ at this point I wish to emphasize that my agreement was by no means forced.

in different
the various solvents used in the manufacture &
liquors & varnishes (such as EtOAc,
BuOAc, MeOH, and acetate etc), and
essential oil products as EtCl (used as
a local anesthetic) & as a particularly valuable
(100%) alcohol (used in the distillation of
active fuels). All of these the Monahan Co's
subsidiaries. The alcohol butylene &
the Farnam American Co. who at Colton
in N.J. made all of these could go toward
making the bulk life of these into ~~some~~
~~stronger~~ build in the S. U. a little more
feasible. Would I agree? I would I would
think it was but actually I had already
made the decision. Yes, I would, in fact
I was ^{even to the extent of} I agree to. I had said about that
being a pleasure I was to go near our house.



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deal - and I am sure that Tom & Vera
 had denied away at was the fact
 that in the U.S. was anti-Semitism
 a crime against the state; and look,
 here it got a ~~was~~ elected to the U.S.
 Senate. Here too was the one between
 against the further encroachment
 by that ~~movement~~ ~~anti-semitism~~
 Fascism, and to me ~~anti-semitism~~
 Fascism & anti-Semitism were
 identical. This was the only solid
~~line~~ ~~with the~~ ~~idea~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~
 of the movement, the question, of the liquidation
~~of the~~ ~~liquidation~~ of rogues, & ~~was~~ ~~was~~
 the concentration camps. Anything
 that was against G-S I was for,
 & ~~not~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~wonderful~~ ~~idea~~
 to & ~~or~~ the chance to help strengthen the
 U.S. should like a wonderful opportunity
 What might be asked, why didn't I
 try to fight G-S here in the U.S.

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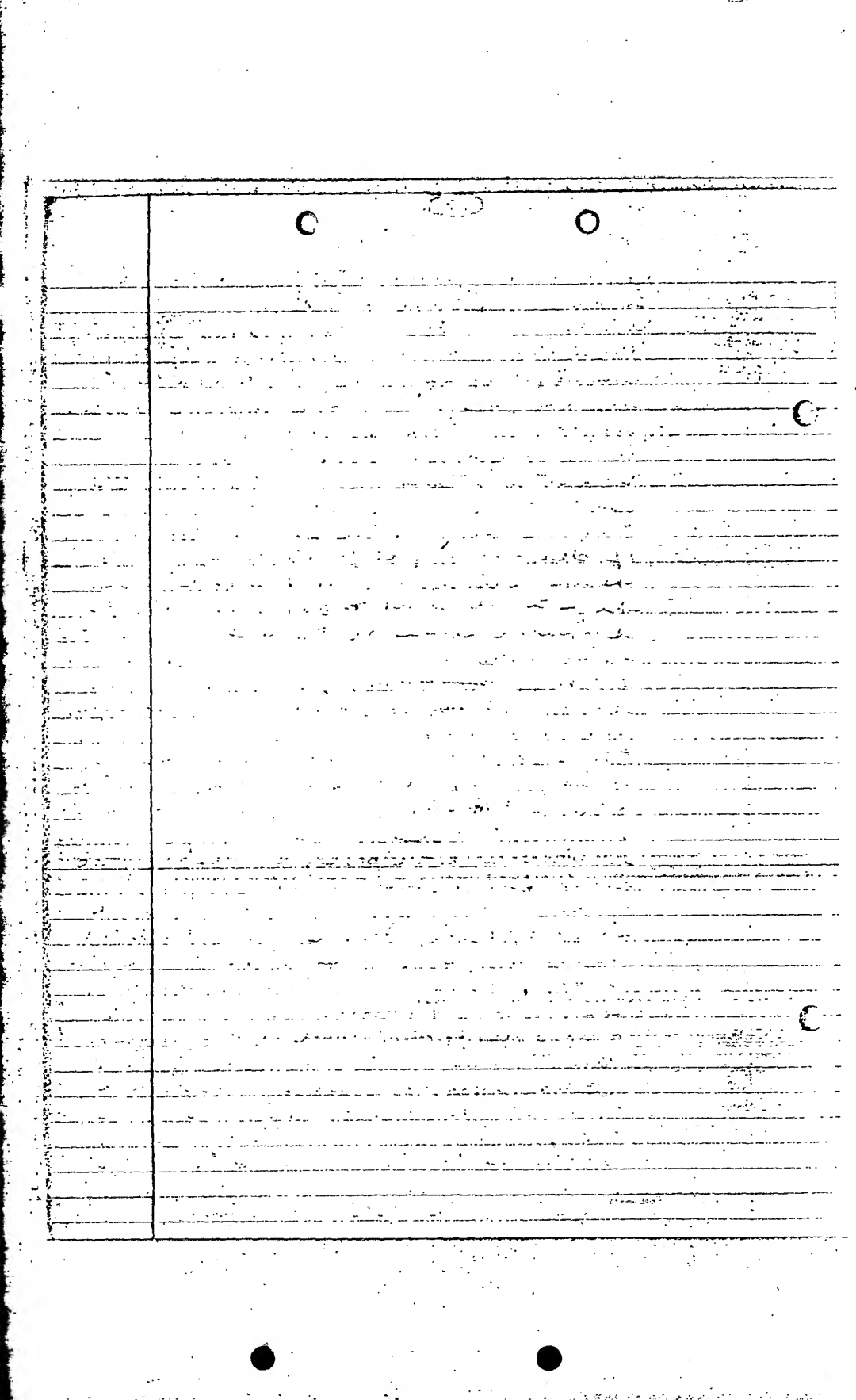
① ^{the} ~~the~~ who ~~needed~~ ^{needed} at ~~most~~ ^{least} ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~never~~ ^{never}

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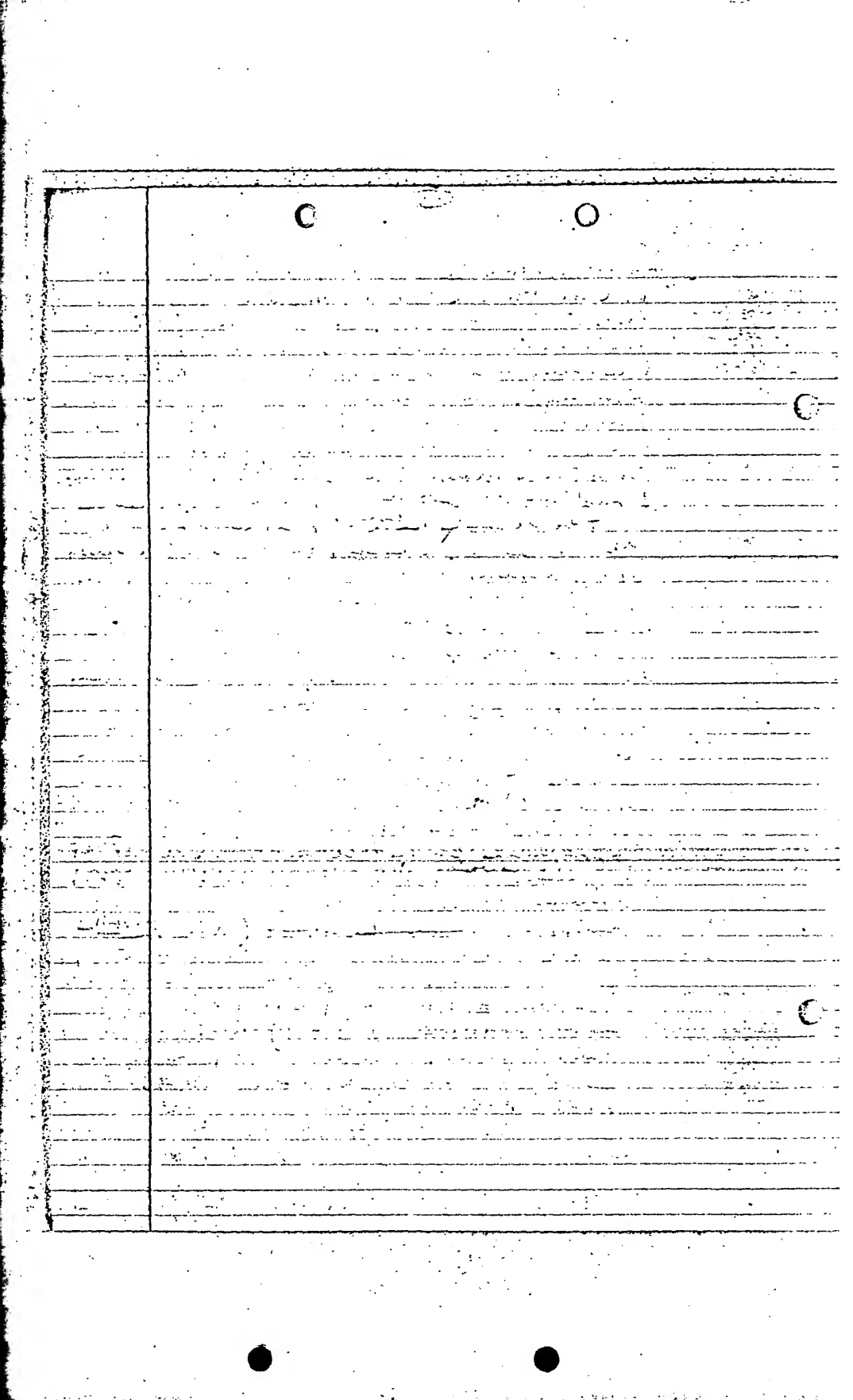
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frankly this seemed to me like a pretty hopeless business. It has always seemed to me that the only people who attended plays which preached tolerance were those who were already tolerant & needed no more trying. It seemed that one a person who was an anti-Communist, he attended that way. The only possible way to combat this seemed to attack with the children but unfortunately it was the children's parents who are indicated the seeds of hatred and it is a most sad case of events that I, who was expected to do something about it but tired of fear we had done much good from to which. Faith, Ruth & the "Children's Friend" and did & this organization and did I say no more.

Two, a certain lack of discipline seems to be a thread all through my life. This statement can best be illustrated by two incidents. The first occurred during the last week of the closing of the school year of my senior year at Southern High. The English instructor, & the head of the dept., was a man called Mr. Farber. He had just that year come to Southern from Frankford, at a school with a student body which was definitely a cut above that of our school in intelligence and from an area which was on a somewhat higher economic plane. Mr. Farber had the quaint concept that we should at the very least be able to express ourselves well in English & he proceeded to make veritable hell with the students. I recall that he once told out loud

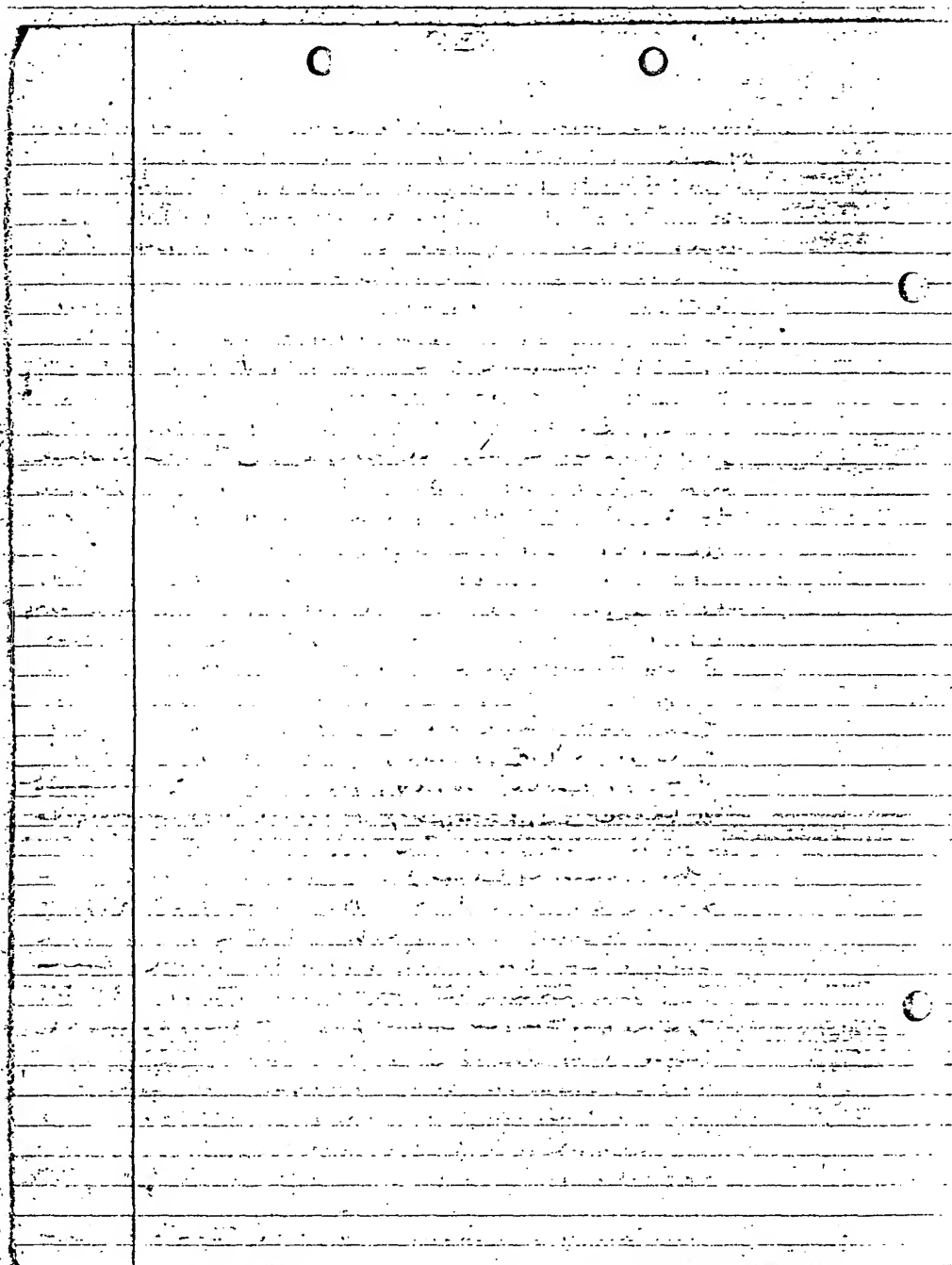


at present a sports writer for the Philadelphia Inquirer ^{editor} and then reported schoolboy sports for the Public Ledger; that he had "the literary ability of a chimpanzee"; the whole class was flunking & as a final reprisal ~~to~~ Dr. Farish gave a quiz on Shakespeare's "Macbeth"; it was a relatively easy quiz, involving only some 10 or 12 questions which required only one to three words of factual answer. But all through the hour low waves of despondency & frustration could be heard thru the room. I stood quite high in the cloud ~~at~~ but when then I was surprised when Dr. Farish asked me to remain ~~at~~ when the quiz was over & then ~~sports~~, giving me the papers said that ~~because~~ I could help him out of a difficult situation by grading them for him that night - ~~couldn't~~ remember if he had some one trying to attend to a ~~lot~~ of other papers to grade. I agreed, but unfortunately for them saw me take the papers & when I left the room I was overwhelmed by a group of students all pleading, "Please make me pass, Hear, Hear, Hear." So I took the examination home & sat up till after 5 A.M.; filling in answers, erasing wrong ones & substituting the correct ones, and even making some 25 different types of handwriting, and when I went through the every one had passed, every single boy. That morning I showed the papers in to Dr. Farish; and that afternoon he me, and at the end of the school's halls. He really said, with a smile, "I'll come that still rumbles & hums,"



The class did very well, did they not, Nancy, and he turned his back & walked away. His memory of this is so glaring that on several occasions in the past 20 yrs I have on the spot of looking up the fabric of ~~history~~ ^{history} attributing to him & try to explain why I acted as I did. But this last point was the stumbling block ~~page~~ ^{why} I had done this for a group of stupid dicks to whom I had no responsibility & no allegiance.

The recent ~~activity~~ ^{activity} is much more recent in origin & has to do with a series of experiments carried out by the research group at the Heart Station of the Philadelphia General Hosp. These experiments were called deperfusion and involved the extirpation, or removal, of the liver from a dog & an attempt to follow a variety of ^{cardiovascular} chemical changes in the animal until its death, in particular the potassium level. The work had been suggested by Dr. Miller, the director of the research project, & it met with considerable opposition from the medical residents & ~~about~~ ^{over} the people in the lab. It was not so much the tremendous cost of work involved & extended hours (the ~~people~~ ^{people} were tied up for a day & the laboratory for three days and were some of being started at the 5 & 6 AM) which required my coming in at 3 AM) but the facts that: first, the removal of such a major organ as the liver also affected at least 1000 other variables in addition to the ~~flow~~ ^{flow} we were investigating & from that point about the work seemed scientifically nonsense; the cost, when this work was being done



early in this year there will be a whole lot of seriously completed projects all of them of solid intellectual & basic value and all awaiting just a little work either in the lab or just the matter of writing them up. All these were sidetracked while the department was on. We all objected but Dr. Miller was adamant & ~~the~~ nothing was to be done. I brooded over this & took it much harder than ^{almost} any one else. Even to the extent of asking other researchers in the hospital to interfere with Dr. Miller. But it wasn't till I spoke to Dr. Paul Polio & said that inf. Dr. Miller & did not discontinue this work until at least the prior research was completed then I must leave the department. I was that discouraged & desperate. It was Polio who brought me back to sanity by saying "at the end, Harry, granted that all ^{these} have said about the fidelity of the separate clones is correct (and I do not know that is, for after all ^{they are} ~~they are~~ a basic step in physiological identity & much valuable data has been uncovered by means of them), granted that you are right, still Dr. P. is in charge of the research at G.H. Sta & is responsible for the progress of its work. Even if he is working ~~to~~ a mistake he has the right to do so, for no one is more anxious than he to do an outstanding job and remember too, that in almost two years this is the first time that he has ever erred in anything; until you ~~see~~ the residents & the lab have been given a free hand. So bear with him a little and remember he thinks no

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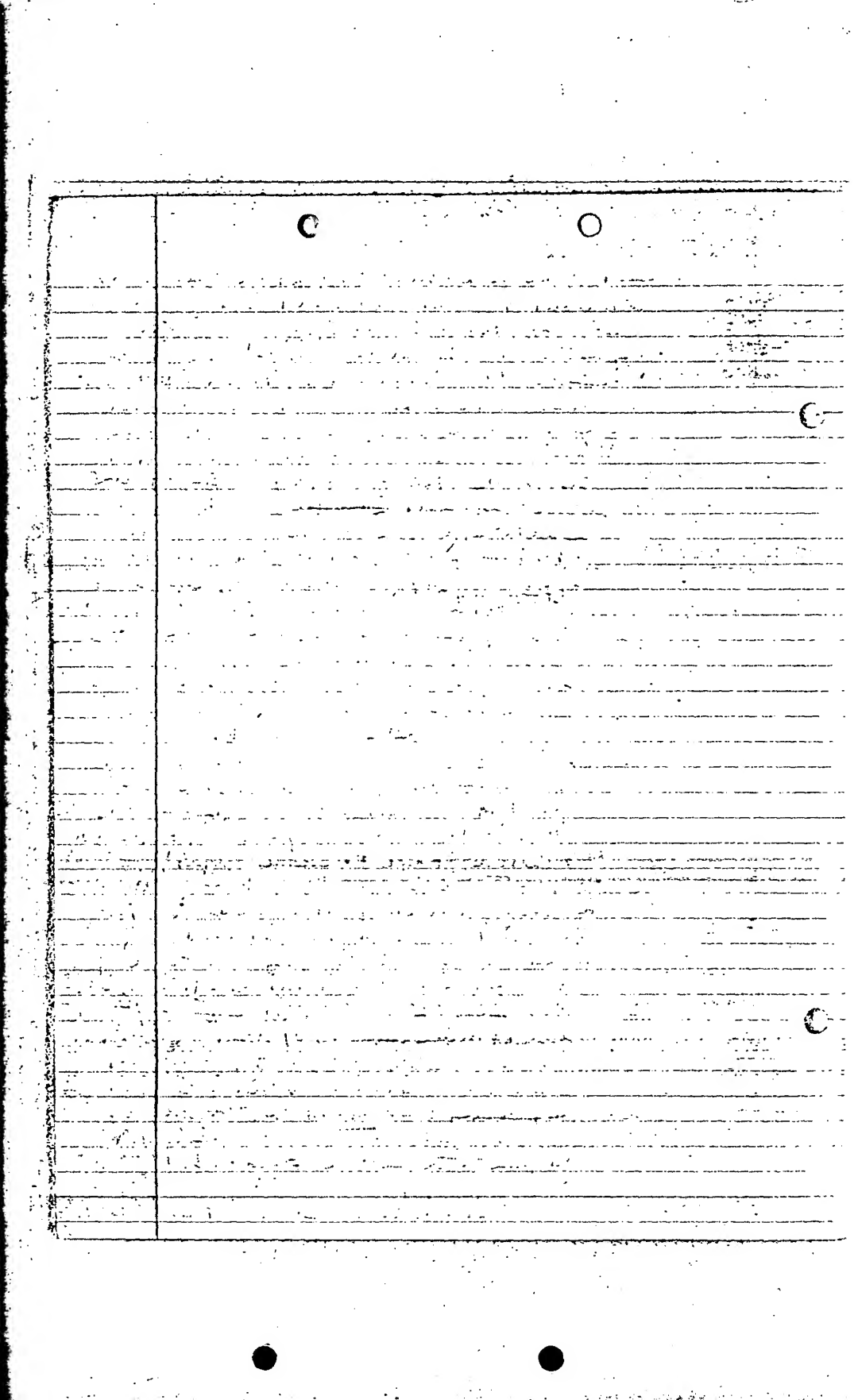
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Since I was unwittingly fooling myself -
 for no ~~one~~ truly civilized American
 could have done what I did. This is
 no argument, yet I did not tell it. None
 if I had thought that my actions might
 in any way harm the United States I would
 never have gone ahead. and this is no
 small & futile attempt to seek an
 alibi.

To elaborate on the subject of a labor
pact in domestic processes, in 1935
4 in the years ^{since} following the war
many things ^{being} ~~being~~ in this American
of this is an incontrovertible fact. Of which
anyone who lived there that period would
not be convinced. And there was actually
nothing basically wrong ^{anyway}. For all that was
needed was for the ~~adoption~~ of social
cooperation to be instituted, a cooper-
tion between Government ^{Country} & ~~and~~ labor.
And this has been done. I shall
~~explain~~ ^{briefly} indicate to you briefly
by means of just five items;

a. ^{any} purchases are no longer the business they were in 1929 and 1930 - they are carried up to \$10,000, and share in the stock market and at least fairly effectively controlled by the two guardians of the Securities Exchange Commission & the self-policing of the various exchanges.

6. Examining for salaries & wages are directed to top 179, statute for this year (based on income received in July); this is all on that high on the Wallace's 1946 income goal of \$5,000,000 has is now



more than a actuality; at the last census
it was 61,600,000 & was expected to grow
even higher. Current ^{estimates} show one
factor in the ^{population} increase is the
immense ^{increase} in the number of people reported that
they were 25 or higher than one year
ago. In the decade from
¹⁹⁴⁰ 1930 to 1940, the number of people
over 25 years of age was 100,000,000.
"Combined first-half profits for 1946
steel companies ^{in the U.S.} totaled \$27.6
million, a gain of over 17.6% over the
1945 total. Only steel alone checked up
with 1945, ^{only 1.4% of} 1946.
and this is a true indication. Thus, ^{the} ^{total} ^{of} ^{the} ^{U.S.} ^{steel} ^{industry} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴⁶ ^{was} ¹¹⁹ ^{million} ^{dollars} ^{as} ^{compared} ^{with} ¹⁰⁰ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁴⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹³⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹²⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹¹⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁹⁰⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁹⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁸⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁸ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁷ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁶ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁵ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁴ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷³ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷² ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷¹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁷⁰ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars} ⁱⁿ ¹⁸⁶⁹ ^{and} ¹¹⁷ ^{million} ^{dollars}

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with 4 negro towns will be trained together
with exactly equal treatment & no
attempt whatever at segregation. And I
have mentioned before for the first time
the fact that negro the major danger
now both north & south negro slaves
as my counsellors, Jackie Robinson,
Larry Brown, G. C. Foster, Jr.,
Lester Carter, & I think I am now
wrote him - who would have done this
this as little as five years ago. The
is still a long way to go, but the time
of our taking in hand we are working
along on the highway.

2. The old business of retailing in old
days has more been conquered by an
ambitious host on the part of the grocer & in-
dustry, not only have local business
merchants recently been displaced & the
number of eligibles multiplied but are
now recently had such influence as the
Federal Reserve - General Motors plan
& that of the Ford Company. and the
concept of a great retail commercial empire

A much more ^{than ever} fine teaching,
Feb in 1953 & 1954 I pushed further
down the road, even though I did not realize it
then.

[illegible]

2. Finally this at the moment seemed
a fairly easy matter. For endings
of the address at the time that I returned
the disagreeable task of having the
C.P. as a representation of what
had no faith in, which would have
active this seemed as very foolish,
a whole Robinsonian view to, too - which he
with, characterizations, a pulled one
particularly as technical as, as
continued to dealing with facts.
and still I could feel that I was
back my debt to for what
I had done found.

Now, I don't worked when that night & for
the rest of the following two days & night
tells the work was done & completed. Which
this is how close to do some thing about
back all circumstances of a trial which
has been especially noticeable in my
claim and work which has been told
for what we need I have told to the
field. For I have long known that I
not to do with a brilliant work
but ~~completely~~ ^{completely} things slowly the hard
work (but at no any way) was of a
ethics & primitive attack on a problem
one then and then and a track, the true
basis of all good research work is supposed
to be one - what "science technique" which
has inevitably led me to ~~the~~ ^{the} the
right door in the way which before
on a investigation & which for a time
will lead to a dead end.

~~The same thing, however, undoubtedly, this does involve a two~~
~~participation in making the self-~~
~~ing, doing, and something I will put~~
~~being an idle by-stander, that~~
~~at last~~ had a great influence.

To summarize then, there will be addition to the four previously mentioned factors of attitude to black men ~~and~~ their desire to help the S.U. The needed ~~the~~ ~~impetus~~ ~~will~~ ~~the~~ ~~surface~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~

in helping the U. S. learn about the one country that
~~foreign~~ ~~foreign~~ (after some initial work with
 a group of anti-communists); a brief look
 at the history; a brief look at the present
 processes; a chance to do something about a
 bad situation; and last I never feel

① I wish, that someone may attitude toward the experiment work.

(2) This note should have been written before the third late going of this other matter had taken up. I did not immediately begin work with a Soviet agent in 1935, on account, certainly to Black's proposal early in that year. There was an interval of about seven months, until ~~that~~ during which time we fumbled about with the idea of how we could go about copying the data in Dr. Reed's office. Most of this was in the nature of preliminary contact overtures made out blueprints of a part of our own fund, Vera made the inquiries; The photographing costs would be prohibitive - none of us had such money. We were almost lost and still fumbled around. Then in the late fall T came exactly where to the address & invited us there and that out of this random effort was born - we were now to be provided, by another itself, with excellent facilities for getting info critical - all we would have to do would be to provide material to New York, Phil Hall, & turn into him practically all of our service; a Russian arrived from on May, moving my daughter to meet me, having heard no more about Harry Gold,

(v6)

9 for all of the disagreeable task of

joining the C.P.

① This ~~was~~ ^{was} the first time I began to work for the S. S. ^{and this was} ~~but~~ ^{but} this was a relatively unobtrusive beginning as that our activities were mostly industrial espionage & that our mottoes which really served to better the lot of the people of Russia. And even here there was involved the stealing of material from a man whom I respected & who hunted me, Dr. Reich, the director of research at Penn. Surveys. ~~and~~ This did not seem to harm him, but it must have hurt me, for it resulted in a letting down of the strong barriers against deceit & trickery & thieving which had been built up by my mother over many years.

And I was much more generally undecided continuing by one factor - the whole existence he used a way of life & I, all planning for a meeting with a Soviet agent; the case felt like one for obtaining data from Penn. Surveys, the meeting of reports, the pilchins of documents for copying & returning them; the meeting with Paul Smith on Beacon or Field in New York or in Manhattan or Rochester or seeing Clark in Cambridge or Boston (Klaus Fuchs in Cambridge or in the F.B.I.) & ~~and~~ I had to tell at home & to my friends to explain my whereabouts (now my action that I was carrying on a series of clandestine love affairs); the difficulty in a way moving for the reasons; the waywardness of meeting on street corners in various towns where I had no business to be & the feeling of being in danger & possibly

① One when, after 1948 J. W. ^{felt} ~~in~~
and with my family & my small
was constantly occupied with thoughts
of home and of home, & children, and
then I would at one occasion
twice of rest.

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There were only two efforts to remove contacts (one in
 Dec 1946 & one in the fall of 1949). During this
 period ~~from~~ for the first time I had tried to reflect
 at length & to evaluate the damage that I had
 done & of what ^{full} implications involved in all the
 steps I was taking, & finally to come to the inevitable
 conclusion that I had all been such a tragic &
 avoidable mistake.

Finally, now concerning these doubts, they may be
 divided into two categories & early & late; the
 early one refer to those that arose while I was
 actually engaged in working with the Russians
 from 1935 to 1946; the later ones concern the
 fact that those filed in the later years from
 1946 to the present, as I have just described
 above.

First, then, to consider the early doubts; there
 were four ^{major} ones:

1. ^{that} they were answered & put
 entirely aside.

one, the ^{attitude} ~~persecution~~ of Catholics & the
 discrimination of their religion in the S. U. & from
 America I find out. Tom Black & Louis ~~be~~ ^{be}
 & Vera Kunt it was all too obvious that they
 were not only completely atheist but were
 militantly opposed to religion & to Catholicism
 in particular. This was already apparent in their
 crude jokes at the expense of the Pope & their
 jokes at religion as "the opiate of the masses." & ^{of}
~~observed~~ this literally would make me with
 my stomach & I would say so sitting the facts
 of the security of the belief of my ^{difficult} friend would
 doubtless & of the good deeds of his mother by
 for the last prominent Catholic lay people. And
 though I was convinced that these two were
 far deluded fools still this did not satisfy

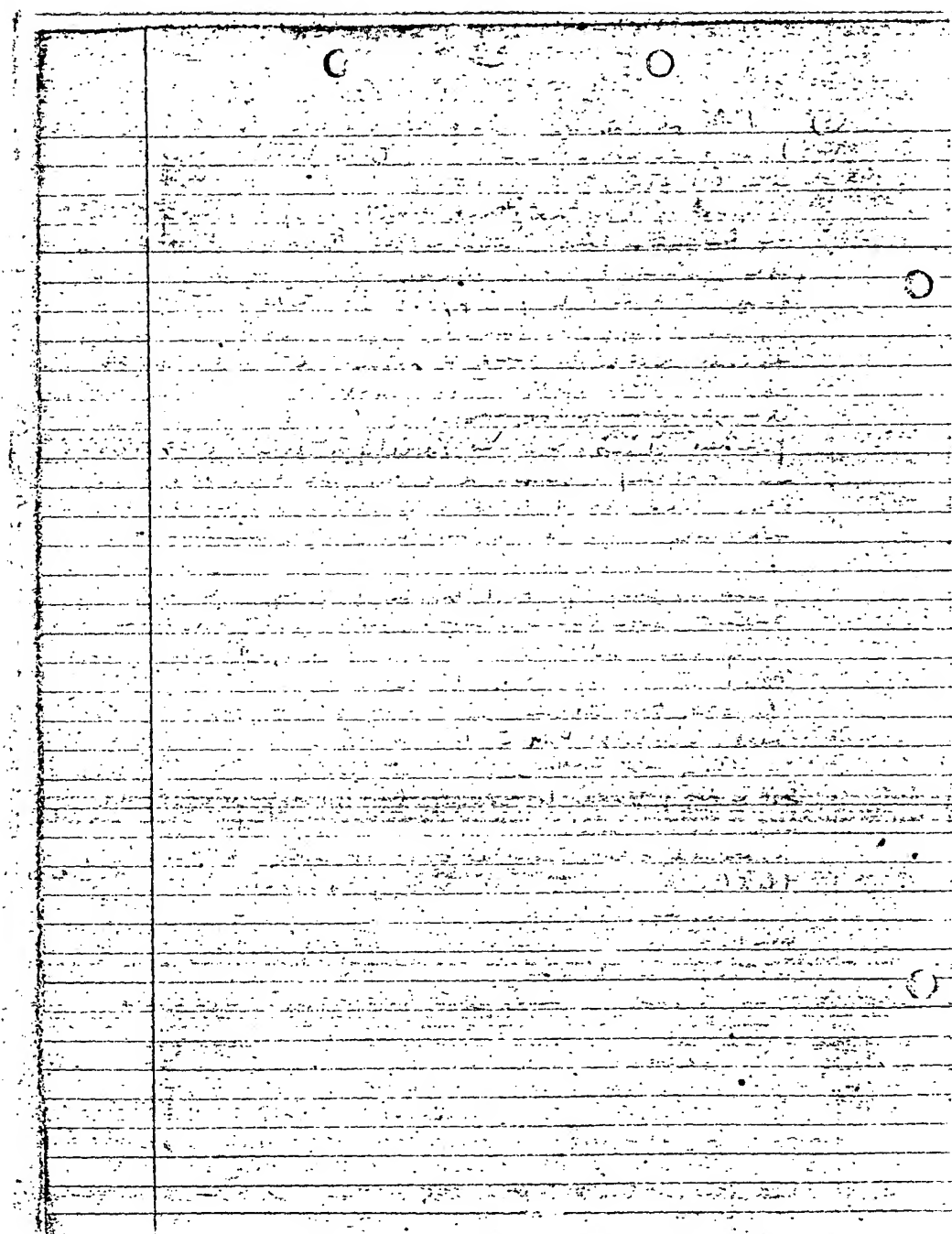
① on several occasions when I made efforts to
submit material which represented work not
yet in full production, I took my humbilities
somewhat lightly. So I decided, but I decided,

② that I was told that the S. U. could ^{not} ^{of course} ^{be} ^{able}
afford to take on a chance to ^{which}
might not work & it was far preferable to
have a process which ^{produced} at 9.1% efficiency
& did so day after day, ^{as compared to} ^{the} ^{best} ^{which} ^{was} ^{able} ^{to} ^{work}
at 9.4%, but ^{which} ^{also} ^{yielded} ^{only} ^{1.5%}.

were admitted to be ~~some~~ totally removable
4. Stringent restrictions were put in effect which
made the life of a nurse & wife very difficult.

I said, my mother continued sounding away
 and the fact that a thief would "not" do as
~~that~~ ^{that} in the eye was at finally with
 any respect" troubled me and, that ~~that~~
 eventually resulted by the mission that the
 date I obtained could be secured in another
 way. I shall repeat this again ~~in the~~
 discussion of my old brother's work known to
 Fanny & Richard. So I stopped my doubts in the
 silly mistake idea that "the end justified
 the means!"

[illegible]



also a little
more my
w. d. d. d.
from the
and d. d. d. d.
with the
very much
4 d. d. d.
more
C. d. d. d.

to fight
any disorder
what

(2) I have the recitation in my first report that I was much upset by two ^{unpleasant} events that occurred in the period from 1939 to 1941. These were of course the matter of the ^{vicious} invasion or ~~invasion~~ ^{by Russia} Finland by Russia & then the signing of the Nazi - Russian pact. Both are of a pattern ^{& caused the very same kind of result}. The first, the invasion of a small country by a far more powerful one in mind & potential was somewhat counterintuitive! No wonder then was really a terrible parallel of the German further ^{down} & now really a terrible Fascist; it was unfortunate that the war had taken place but the S.U. actually had no choice if they wanted to protect their own future wellfare. But as it would turn, this embracing of Hitlerism! What the hell! One cannot ^{doubt} ^{was seriously} ~~wonder~~ when I told him of my doubts! Look upon food, don't tell me that you too have been taken in by the further blackening of the capitalist pigs. All right, what the S.U. needs more than anything in the world is time, time to get ready, time to really build up our military might. And when the proper hour comes you'll see, we'll develop our Germany & Hitler & obliterate ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{small filthy} ~~small filthy~~ ^{what the Russians had wanted for themselves} ~~struck first.~~

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